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## The Mercury

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Established June, 1789, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with few exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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## Local Matters

### MIDDLETOWN CAN BEAT IT

The Providence Journal of a recent issue had a very complimentary notice of Mr. Daniel A. Remington, and remarked on his long term of service as town clerk of Scituate, he having been first elected to that office in May, 1878. He is still town clerk, but his service has not been continuous. For 12 years, from 1901 to 1913, the late Henry H. Potter was town clerk of that town. Mr. Remington's long service has been a creditable one, and deserving of mention, but we can beat it by a large majority right here in Newport County. Our nearest neighbor, Middletown, has a town clerk who has just started on his fiftieth year of continuous service for the town in that capacity. Albert L. Chase, who is still to all appearances a young man, was first elected town clerk in April, 1873, and has been annually re-elected since that time, which gives him, without doubt, the long-time record, not only of this State, but of every New England State. His many friends in this section hope that he will live to round out many more years of service. Mr. Chase is authority on all the laws governing the town or state. And there is no town in this or any other State, where the laws are more thoroughly enforced than in Middletown; all of which is due largely to Mr. Chase's careful oversight. No lawyer in the State knows probate law better than Mr. Chase.

### ANNUAL COMMUNICATION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASONS

The 132nd Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Masons was held in Providence on Monday last. The two lodges in Newport were represented by a large delegation of officers and past masters. Norris G. Abbott of Providence was elected Grand Master, Arthur D. Newell of Pawtucket Deputy Grand Master, Henry C. Dexter of Central Falls Grand Senior Warden, Howard Knight of Providence Grand Junior Warden, William R. Greene Grand Treasurer, S. Penrose Williams Grand Secretary. These two latter officers have held their positions for many years. The Newport fraternity were honored by the choice of J. Irving Shepley, of St. John's Lodge Seventh District, Deputy Grand Master. The proposition to build a two million dollar Masonic Temple in the city of Providence met with little favor with the fraternity. It was voted down by a large majority.

### A GOOD SEASON EXPECTED

A New York exchange says there is every prospect of a gay summer season at Newport. It says Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart Barney are to spend the summer in Newport after an absence of two years. Mr. and Mrs. John Aspegren, who recently changed the name of their newly purchased villa, Rockhurst, to Aspenhall, will pass the season there. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews will arrive there early in June and open their house, The Rocks. It is expected that Princess Anastasia of Greece, the former Mrs. Leeds, will come there this autumn, accompanied by her son, William B. Leeds, and his bride, who was the former Princess Xenia of Russia.

Lieutenant William F. Watson, Jr., of this city, is a member of the committee of arrangements for the grand ball by the Aero Club of Rhode Island which will open the new Biltmore Hotel in Providence.

### BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening a formal written complaint was received from Marco Russo against Building Inspector Douglas, a copy of which was given to Mr. Douglas, and the matter will probably be taken up by the board. The complaint was a voluminous one and dealt principally with the construction of walls of the Russo building at Spring and Touro streets. Work had been stopped on the walls by the Building Inspector and a part had been ordered torn down because of faulty construction. Russo claimed that he had been informed that if he had bought his materials of specified persons the work would have been passed.

The matter of payment from the United States Housing Corporation in lieu of taxes was finally adjusted. A receipt in full was given to the Corporation, with the agreement that deeds to the property to the individual purchasers should be filed by June 1, in order that assessments might be made against the new owners when the tax for 1922 is levied. This is expected to clear up the entire matter.

To fill the vacancy on the board of overseers of the poor caused by the death of Edward S. Peckham, Frederick B. Coggeshall was unanimously elected.

The committee to investigate the claim of Edward W. Thomas for damages to his automobile by running into a steam roller on Broadway reported that a hearing had been held and a thorough investigation made. The testimony of the witnesses showed that there had been no negligence on the part of employees of the city, and the committee therefore recommended that he be given leave to withdraw. The recommendation was adopted.

A great deal of routine business was transacted, and many licenses of various kinds were granted. Contracts for various supplies for the fire department were awarded, and Chief Kirwin was given permission to purchase certain tires.

The plans for the observance of Memorial Day have been completed by the joint committee that has been in charge of the arrangements, and will be along much the same lines as in previous years. An innovation this year will be the extending of invitations to the Women's Relief Corps to ride in the Memorial Day parade. The committee have received sufficient acceptances from army and navy officers to insure the presence of a considerable number of soldiers, sailors and marines in the parade, considering the fact that naval forces here have been materially reduced. During the war there were some mammoth parades on Memorial Days, attracting visitors from many miles away, but with the reduction of the armed forces there was a consequent big reduction in the number of men available to parade.

During the rain storm on Thursday the traffic police on the congested posts appeared in a brand new rain costume. This consisted of a white half-coat of rubber to be worn over the regulation black rubber coat, and a white top for their ordinary storm hats. This made a very distinctive uniform that could be seen for a long distance. The adoption of this rainy day costume was brought about by the death of Patrolman Scott, whose black rubber coat blended into the rainy atmosphere so that he could not be seen by the driver of the car that struck him.

Registration of voters at the City Hall shows little activity, although efforts are being made to register both men and women. Next week, the board of canvassers will take their registration books to the various ward rooms in the evening in order to permit those to register who do not find it convenient to go to the City Hall.

Young men are being enlisted at the various recruiting stations in Rhode Island and other parts of New England for training as apprentices. However, they are being sent to Norfolk instead of to Newport. A little matter like transportation expense does not faze our government any.

The heavy rain of Thursday morning was very much needed to promote the growth of vegetation, but it might perhaps have been equally as welcome in a smaller quantity. A large amount of rain fell within a very short time.

Mr. William Allan, gardener for Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice, is quite ill at his home on Coggeshall avenue.

### AQUIDNECK HOUSE AGAIN

Small boys who entered the Aquidneck House property a few days ago and made merry there, have started a regular commotion around town. Their depredations again called attention to the danger of this property as a fire menace, and there has been a considerable exchange of pleasantries between various citizens and city officers as to the responsibility for abating the menace. Acting on advice from the City Solicitor, following a conference of heads of departments, Chief Kirwin has prepared formal notices to be sent to the owners of any property that is regarded as a fire menace. The law provides that the owners can be directed to remove the nuisance, and if this is not done within a specified time, the city can step in and do the work, sending the bill to the owner. Unfortunately, there is no appropriation available from the city to pay for the work pending the receipt of the amount from the owner, if that is ever received.

The trouble started last Saturday, when some boys secured entrance to the empty hotel without much difficulty. Once inside they apparently roamed at will, and finally discovered a lot of pillows with which they had a merry war. In consequence, feathers were scattered about the neighborhood. Miss Butler, who is a near neighbor, had painters at work on her house, and when the feathers were carried through the air by the wind, her new paint was quickly decorated. Complaint was made to the police and an investigation was made, with the result that the old controversy regarding this property was soon reopened. Windows were found to be broken out on the lower floor and there was no difficulty in securing an entrance. City officials were apparently agreed as to the necessity of abating the nuisance, but there was an argument as to whether it was up to the fire department, building inspector, or police department. Mayor Mahoney called a conference with the heads of the various departments and City Solicitor Sullivan and it was finally decided that the City Solicitor should draw up the form of a letter to be sent out by Chief Kirwin of the fire department.

In the meantime, Mr. Horgan had had temporary repairs made to the building, by fastening up the openings on the lower floor so as to keep out intruders.

### LOWNDES-ANDERSON

The marriage of Miss Naomi Anderson, for several years bookkeeper in the Mercury Office, and Mr. Harry I. Lowndes, took place in the parsonage of St. Paul's M. E. Church on Wednesday evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Frederick W. Coleman. A wedding supper was served in the home of the bride on Hall Avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes left later in the evening by the Fall River Line for their wedding trip. Upon their return they will reside at No. 6 Pleasant street.

Mr. Lowndes is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lowndes of Darien, Conn., but has resided in Newport for some time, being employed by Seanniver and Potter. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes have been prominent in the work of the Methodist Church.

The bakers of the city are making an effort to promote the sale of the local-made bakery products, complaining of the large amount of bread that is brought here daily from out of town. They have enlisted the aid of the Chamber of Commerce in their behalf. The principle is good, and might readily be made to include the purchase of printed matter at home. It would be interesting to know just how many of the officers and active workers of the Chamber of Commerce have more or less of their printing done out of town.

Former Governor R. Livingston Beekman has secured from President Harding a promise to pay a brief visit to "Land's End" next August, provided that the President does not go to Alaska. The people of Newport hope that Mr. Harding will find it possible to come here, and they feel that his visit will be made pleasant for him.

Some work is being done at the Beach to have the property in readiness for opening at the appointed time. Quite a force of men is now employed there, but there will not be any radical changes made until the close of the present summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Duke have rented the villa of Mrs. F. Lathrop Ames for the season of 1922. They have not been in Newport for several years.

### PROF. HENRY M. HOWE

Prof. Henry M. Howe, who died at his home at Bedford Hills, N. Y., on Sunday, was a son of the late Julia Ward Howe, and a brother of Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott of this city. He was professor of metallurgy at Columbia University, and was regarded as one of the ablest men in the country in his specialty. He had developed many formulae that were of vast benefit to the steel industry, so that to him alone is due much of the universal use of steel today. He had been decorated by many foreign governments, and was as well known abroad as in his own country. He had been president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers and of other scientific societies. He had produced a number of scientific books which were considered as final authorities.

He is survived by a widow and two sisters, Mrs. Elliott of this city, and Mrs. Laura E. Richards of Gardner, Maine.

### THE NEW GOLF CLUB

The movement to finance the new Country and Golf Club is making good progress. It is expected that by next Monday evening there will be subscriptions in hand amounting to \$35,000 in cash and pledges. The teams have made good progress with their work of soliciting, but there are still many persons to be interviewed. It is proposed to have the grounds open next Sunday afternoon for inspection so that all interested may have an opportunity to study the location. As soon as the financial arrangements are completed, work will be begun on a nine-hole course, which will later be developed into 18 holes. Tennis courts will also be built, and there will be bathing facilities available.

There has been another controversy regarding the obstruction at the Horgan property at Broadway and Gould street, formerly the Benjamin H. Easton property. The sidewalk on Gould street and part of the street has been blocked for a long time by material that had been assembled for building, without making any progress toward construction. This week the permit was revoked, and Street Commissioner Sullivan gave Mr. Horgan until 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon to clear the sidewalk. At that time the removal of the material had not been completed, and the Street Commissioner put a gang of men at work to throw it on to the property.

The several new stores on Broadway, opposite Bliss road, have rented much better than the neighbors expected when the buildings were in process of construction. There are not many stores which have not been rented. One of the latest is a branch of a chain grocery system, making two rival establishments within the block. The new gasoline station on the old flat-iron lot at Bliss road and Broadway is also opened for business, making a rather busy neighborhood.

Douglas V. Gladding of this city, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gladding, Jr., has been appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis by Senator Colt, and will enter next month. Some time ago he passed a successful examination as an alternate, but as his principal passed at the same time he was not appointed. Another vacancy having occurred, Senator Colt has named him as principal.

Former Governor R. Livingston Beekman is expected to open his Newport residence, "Land's End," in a short time, and will probably do considerable entertaining there this summer. Many of the houses in the summer colony are already open and the indications are good for a busy season.

In spite of the apparently backward spring, many little bushes are in full bloom, well in advance of Memorial Day. In some years the lilacs have not bloomed in time for this holiday.

Mr. Julian H. Durfee has leased the Dennis property at Thames and Poplar streets and will erect an attractive gasoline station there.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ruth D. Donovan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Donovan, and Mr. John A. MacDonald, Jr.

There is a strong probability that the battleship fleet will come to Newport for two weeks about the middle of August.

Colonel Herbert Bliss and his daughter, Miss Hope Bliss, are enjoying an automobile trip through New England.

### MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Public School Committee

The May meeting of the public school committee was held on Monday evening with a full attendance. Mr. Staley Trask of the Trask Artesian Well Company of Portsmouth, was present to discuss the water situation at the Berkeley School. Mr. Trask stated that out of 11 wells sunk about this vicinity, the average depth was 77 feet, and the average cost \$348. These wells range from 27 to 135 feet deep, the price being \$4.50 per foot, and 12 feet or more a day is considered an average day's work. A supply from five to ten gallons a minute will be needed for all purposes for the 150 or more children at the Berkeley School. The Artesian well can be sunk in the present well at one side without affecting the well itself. The matter was carefully considered and the committee is much in favor of the proposition. The matter will be further discussed at the adjourned town meeting on Saturday afternoon.

The subject of religious instruction outside the schools, with time taken from the regular sessions, was presented without any action being taken, as the matter was not considered practicable in its present form.

A letter was read from S.W. Mitchell, supervisor of safety and examination of the New Haven Railroad seeking cooperation of the school board in regard to accident prevention. He asked that the committee arrange for an instructor to explain to children the danger of railroad trespassing, walking on and crossing tracks and boarding and leaving cars, etc. It was voted to ask for a number of copies of the letter, in order that one may be placed in each school, and the matter presented to the pupils by the teacher.

The following calendar was adopted for the coming year: First term, Monday, September 11, to Friday, November 17; Second term, Monday, November 20, to Friday, February 2; Third term, Monday, April 23, to Friday, June 22. The holidays will be Teachers' Institute October 12, Thanksgiving, November 30 to December 1; Washington's Birthday, February 22; Decoration Day, May 30; Christmas vacation, December 22 to January 1; Spring vacation, March 30 to April 8. A large amount of other business was transacted.

At the third session of the Scout Court of Honor which was held on Monday evening at the court house, Masters Chandler Webber, Herbert Dennett and Alex Dennett of Troop 1 of this town, were presented to be invested with the insignia of the second class.

Mrs. Harriett Brownell and Miss Alice Brownell of Providence have opened their summer home, Sachuest Lodge.

The annual lobster supper of St. Columba's Guild, which was held recently in the parish house, was well attended, and an excellent menu was served. Mrs. George Calvert, Mrs. Howard Barker and Mrs. John Conley were assisted by Mrs. Harry Peate, Mrs. Reston Peckham, Mrs. E. Marion Peckham, Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham and Miss Hattie Peabody. An able corps of waitresses served the supper.

Miss Deborah Cummings, home economics demonstrator of the Newport County Farm Bureau, gave a demonstration on making fruit salads on Wednesday morning before the members of the millinery class at the Methodist Episcopal Church. Luncheon was served, after which the time was devoted to re-modeling old hats.

Mr. James McKenzie has returned to his home from the Newport Hospital as a result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident several weeks ago. He is still confined to his home.

Miss Florence Barker, who has been seriously ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barker, is improving.

The annual election of officers of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held recently at the church parlors. The reports were read and the following officers were elected:

President—Harold Irish.  
First Vice President—Mrs. Harold Peckham.  
Second Vice President—Mrs. Stephen Congdon.  
Third Vice President—Mrs. John H. Peckham.  
Fourth Vice President—Mr. Walter Barker.  
Secretary—Herbert Dennett.  
Treasurer—Mrs. Ida E. Brown.  
Alternate—Miss Miriam E. Muirhead.

The League voted to pay for painting the exterior trimmings of the church.

Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham is visiting her son, Mr. W. Harold Peckham of the Lane Construction Company, at Messina, N. Y.

A large class of candidates were confirmed at St. Columba's Chapel on Sunday morning by Bishop Perry. Three young women and thirty-two young men were confirmed. The chapel was filled to witness this ceremony, this being one of the largest confirmation classes in the history of the church. Bishop Perry preached a sermon especially for the class, the topic being "Launch out into the Deep."

The Mens' Community Club of St. Mary's Church held a public whist on Thursday evening for the benefit of the enlargement of the Guild House. The committee in charge was Messrs. William G. Albrow, Karl G. Anthony, Robert S. Chase, Robert Howard and George Dennis.

### PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Cranberry Corners

The entertainment, "Cranberry Corners," which was given by the Portsmouth Players under the direction of Mr. Charles E. Boyd, was very well attended. The characters were Mr. William Mellor as Mr. Andrew Dexter, Mrs. William Lawrence as Miss Amelia Dexter, Mr. Charles Boyd as Hezekiah Hopkins, Mrs. Storrs as Mrs. Muslin, later Mrs. Hopkins, somewhat of a talker, "as you might say," Mr. Nathan Smith as Ben Lathan, a wanderer; Mr. William McCoy as Philip Everett, Miss Florence Rose as Carotta Bannister, a child of fate; Mrs. Alexander Boone as Mrs. Anastasia Bannister, her New York aunt; Miss Katherine Boyd, as Bella Ann, who works out; Mr. Henry Wilkey as Nathan Speck, the hired man, also her beau; Mrs. Mabel Holman as Florine, a French maid; Mr. Jack Crowley as Tom Dexter.

The first act was in the yard at Ferndale Farm, Cranberry Corners, on an afternoon in July. The farmyard was very realistic, a hen and a rooster, a pair of pigeons and a goose being part of the scenery. The second act was the same a week later. The third act was worthy of a regular theatre, being the reception room of Mrs. Bannister's apartment in New York, three months later. A very beautiful room was seen, with a grand piano and other beautiful furnishings.

The last act was the kitchen back at the farm three weeks later.

Mr. Hezekiah Hopkins and Andrew Dexter, Tom's father, were very amusing, being very much interested in pitching quoits and arguing on politics. Mrs. Muslin, as something of a talker, "as you might say," and later as the bride of Hezekiah, was very good. Tom Dexter, who loved Carotta Bannister in spite of her dragon of an aunt, Mrs. Anastasia Bannister, who was very domineering and aristocratic, were all good. Bella Ann was the hit of the show, with her beau, Nathan Speck, and they kept the audience in an uproar most of the time.

Before the curtain rose and between the acts some of the members of the Kolah Grotto Band furnished music. Mr. Fred P. Webber, as Uncle Hiram, read the prologue written by Mrs. B. W. Storrs. Specialties were introduced between the acts, the first being "When Evening Shadows Fall," a song by a number of young people, and other songs featuring Mr. William S. Bailey, 3rd, and Miss Mildred Bishop, with chorus. After the third act Miss Elizabeth Anthony rendered the ballad, "Afterwards."

The Newport County Fair Association held a dinner for all the helpers last year on Wednesday evening, after which a social and dance was held in Mayer Hall, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Fair. This was an affair which is open to all, and a general good time was enjoyed.

Mrs. Ann R. Vinton, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph B. Ackley, at the Methodist Episcopal Parsonage, had been in poor health for some time. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. William H. Allen, assisted by Rev. John N. Geisler. The Methodist Episcopal choir sang several hymns. There were numerous beautiful floral tributes. The body was taken to Wapping, Conn., for interment.

A public demonstration of the new fire apparatus recently purchased by this town was given at the Quaker Mill Garage. The apparatus proved entirely satisfactory. This equipment is mounted on a Ford chassis.

Mrs. Abbie Manchester of Newport was guest of Miss Isabella Fish and later went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Malone. In each place a dinner was given in honor of her 77th birthday anniversary. Mrs. Manchester recently moved to Newport with her son, Mr. Harrison Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson have moved into one of the apartments of the house in the yard with Mr. Gibson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibson. Mr. Gibson has secured a position at Sandy Point Farm. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson have been residing for the past two years at Glen Cove, L. I.

Mrs. Carolyn A. Sward, who has been spending the winter with her husband in Charleston, S. C., was one of the two soloists at a Caruso Memorial concert given there last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon, who have been residing in the Gardner Easton cottage opposite Braman's Lane, for the past six months, have moved to Bradford Coaling Station, where Mr. Gordon is employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Sisson of Providence were guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony and other friends in this town. Mr. and Mrs. Sisson are to go to California for an extended tour soon with a party of 250 friends.

Mr. John Paquin and his granddaughter, Miss Katherine Paquin, have been visiting Mr. Paquin's daughter, Mrs. Frank C. Jenck, and Mr. Jenck and family of Jamestown.

Mr. Sylvanus P. Fish, who has been at the Newport Hospital for the past two months, has returned to his home. While at the Hospital he had one of his legs amputated.

Mr. Albert E. Sherman, who is employed by the Star Fish Company as master of the steamer A. T. Serral, landed 111 barrels of scup from one trap. This is the largest catch from one trap this season.

Mrs. T. Shaw Safe, a winter resident of Providence, will return to her Newport home next week.

# The Big-Town Round Up

by William MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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## SYNOPSIS

**FOREWORD.**—Motoring through Arizona, a party of easterners, father and daughter and a male companion, stop to witness a cattle round up. The girl leaves the car and is attacked by a wild steer. A masterpiece of riding on the part of one of the cowboys saves her life.

**CHAPTER I.**—Clay Lindsay, range-rider on an Arizona ranch, announces his intention to visit the "big town," New York.

**CHAPTER II.**—On the train Lindsay becomes interested in a young woman, Kitty Mason, on her way to New York to become a motion-picture actress. She is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

**CHAPTER III.**—On his first day in New York Lindsay is splashed with water by a janitor. He is then nearly killed by a fire hydrant. A young woman who sees the occurrence invites Clay into her house and hides him from the police.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Clay's "rescuer" introduces herself as Beatrice Whitford. Lindsay meets her father, Colin Whitford, and is invited to the "big town" society. He is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

**CHAPTER V.**—Kitty is insulted by a customer. Clay punishes the offender. Lindsay is attacked by Jerry Durand and a companion and beaten senseless.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Lindsay's acquaintance with Beatrice Whitford deepens. He is introduced to the "big town" society. He is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

**CHAPTER VII.**—The two take an apartment together. Lindsay securing employment at the "big town" society. He is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Naturally indignant, the girl is reassured when Clay tells her the reason for his unmean intrusion. He shows him how to enter the house he is after, through the roof. In the place he comes on a party of "gentlemen" waiting for his appearance. Lindsay "gets the drop" on the thugs, locks them in a room, and escapes.

**CHAPTER IX.**—With a theater party, which includes the Whitfords, Lindsay meets Kitty Mason, friendless and penniless. He leaves the party to take the girl to his apartment, where he is met by Jerry Durand and set for him. She tells him where the girl is likely to be found.

**CHAPTER X.**—Beatrice rescues Lindsay from the clutches of the "big town" society. He is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

**CHAPTER XI.**—Hurt and indignant, Beatrice practically proposes marriage to an old admirer, Clarence Bromfield, wealthy and successful. The third member of the party, who was met at the beginning of the story, their engagement is announced. Durand's gang kidnaps Kitty. Clay appeals to the girl he had met at the "big town" society. She tells him where the girl is likely to be found.

**CHAPTER XII.**—At the place, Clay conceals himself in the "big town" society. He is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

**CHAPTER XIII.**

Johnnie Comes into His Own. When Clay shot off at a tangent from the car and ceased to function as a passenger, Johnnie made an effort to descend and join his friend, but already the taxi was traveling at a speed that made this dangerous. He leaned out of the open door and shouted to the driver.

"Say, let me out, doggone you. I wanta get out right here."

The chauffeur paid no the least attention to him. He skidded round a corner, grazing the curb, and put his foot on the accelerator. The car jumped forward, sweeping down the wet street, now and again skidding dangerously. It swung into Fourth avenue, slowing to take the curve. At the widest sweep of the arc Johnnie stepped down. His feet slid from under him and he rolled to the curb across the wet asphalt. Slowly he got up and tested himself for broken bones. He was sure he had dislocated a few hips and it took him some time to persuade himself he was all right, except for some bruises.

But Johnnie, free, had no idea what to do. He was as helpless as Johnnie imprisoned in the flying cab. Of what Clay's plan had been he had not the remotest idea. Yet he could not go home and do nothing. He must keep searching. But where? One thing stuck in his mind. His friend had mentioned that he would like to get a chance to call the police to find out whether Kitty had been rescued. He was anxious on that point himself. At the first cigar store he stopped and was put on the wire with headquarters. He learned that a car supposed to be the one wanted had been driven into Central park by the police a few minutes earlier.

Johnnie's mind carried him on a straight line to the simplest decision. He ran across to Fifth avenue and climbed into a bus going uptown. At the Seventy-second street entrance Johnnie left the bus and plunged into the park. The inquisitive gods who delight in turning upside down the best-laid plans of mice and men were working overtime tonight. They arranged it that a girl covering among the wet bushes bordering an unfrequented path heard the "Hi-yi-yi" of Arizona and gave a faint cry for help. That call reached Johnnie and brought him on the run.

A man beside the girl jumped up

with a snarl, gun in hand. But the hunt had caught a sight of Kitty. A file of fixed bayonets could not have kept him from trying to rescue her. He dived through the brush like a football tacker.

A gun barked. The little man did not even know it. He and the thug went down together, rolled over, clawed furiously at each other, and got to their feet simultaneously. But the cowpuncher held the gun now. The crook glared at him for a moment, and bolted for the safety of the bushes in wild flight.

Johnnie fired once, then forgot all about the private little war he had started. For his arms were full of a sobbing Kitty, who clung to him while she wept and talked and exclaimed all in a breath.

"I knew you'd come, Johnnie. I knew you would—you or Clay. They left me here with him while they got away from the police. . . . Oh, I've been so scared. I didn't know—I thought—"

"S all right. S all right. H't girl. Don't you cry, Kitty. Me 'n Clay won't let 'em hurt you none. We sure won't."

She nestled closer, and Johnnie's heart lost a beat. He had become aware of a dull pain in the shoulder and of something wet trickling down his shoulder. But what was one little bullet to your geography when the sweetest girl in the world is in your arms?

"I ain't nothin' but a hammered-down H't hayseed of a cowpuncher," he told her, his voice trembling, "an' you're awful pretty an'—an'—"

A flag of color fluttered to her soft cheeks. The silken lashes fell shyly. "I think you're fine and dandy, the bravest man that ever was."

"Do you—figure you could—? I—I—I don't reckon you could ever—"

He stopped, abashed. To him this creature of soft curves was of heavenly charm. All the beauty and vitality of her youth called to him. It seemed to Johnnie that God spoke through her. Which is another way of saying that he was in love with her. She made a rustling little stir in his arms and lifted a flushed face very tender and appealing. In the darkness her lips slowly turned to his.

Johnnie chose that inopportune moment to get sick at the stomach.

"I—I'm goin' to faint," he announced, and did.

When he returned to his love-story Johnnie's head was in Kitty's lap and a mounted policeman was in the foreground of the scene. His face was wet from the mist of the rain falling.

"Don't move. Some one went for a car," she whispered, bending over him so that flying tendrils of her hair brushed his cheek. "Are you—badly hurt?"

He snorted. "I'm a false alarm. Nothin' a-tall. He jes' creased me."

"You're so brave," she cried, admiringly.

He had never been told this before. He suspected it was not true, but to hear her say it was manna to his hungry soul.

The cab stopped at the house of a doctor and the shoulder was dressed. The doctor made one pardonable mistake.

"Get your wife to give you this sleeping powder if you find you can't sleep," he said.

"Y'betcha," answered Johnnie-cheerfully.

Kitty looked at him reproachfully and blushed. She scolded him about it after they reached the apartment where they lived.

Her new fiancé defended himself. "He's only a day or two premarriage, honest. It wasn't hardly worth while explainin'."

"A day or two. Oh, Johnnie!"

"Sure. I ain't gonna wait. What's the matter with tomorrow?"

"I haven't any clothes made," she evaded, and added by way of diversion, "I always liked that kinda golden down on poor cheeks."

"The stores are full of 'em. An' we ain't talkin' about my whiskers—not right now."

"You're a nice old thing," she whispered, flashing into unexpected dimples, and she rewarded him for his unceasing in a way he thought altogether desirable.

A crisp, strong step sounded outside. The door opened and Clay came into the room.

He looked at Kitty. "Thank heaven, you're safe," he said.

Tim Muldoon, in his shirt-sleeves, was busy over a late breakfast when his mother opened the door of the flat to let in Clay Lindsay.

The policeman took one look at the dinnaged face and forgot the plate of ham and eggs that had just been put before him.

"You've been at it again," he cried, his Irish eyes lighting up with anticipatory enjoyment.

"I had a little set-to with friend Jerry last night," the westerner explained.

"Another? What's the trouble now?"

"You heard about the girl abducted in an auto from the Bronx?"

"Uh-huh! Was Jerry in that?"

"He was. I'll tell you the whole story, Tim."

"Meet my mother first. Mother—Mr. Lindsay. You've heard me talk av him."

Mrs. Muldoon's blue Irish eyes twinkled. She was a plump and amiable woman, and her handshake was firm and strong.

"I have that. Tim thinks yuh a wonder, Mr. Lindsay."

Clay told the story of his encounter with Durand on the train and of his subsequent meetings with him at the



"You Bate Him! I can see it in Your Eye!" Cried Muldoon, Pounding the Table So That the Dishes Jumped.

Sea Siren and on the night of the poker party. He made elisions and emendations that removed the bedroom scene from the tale.

"So that's when yuh met Annie Millikan," Tim said. "I was wonderin' how yuh knew her."

"That's when I met her. She's one fine girl, Tim, a sure-enough thoroughbred. She has fought against heavy odds all her life to keep good and honest. And she's home it."

"She has that," agreed Mrs. Muldoon, heartily. "Annie is a good girl. I always liked her."

"I'd bet my last chip on Annie. So last night I went straight to her. She wouldn't throw down 'Slim' Jim, but she gave me an address. I went there and met Durand."

"With his gang?" asked Tim.

"No. I waited till they had gone. I locked myself in a room alone with him. He took eight shots at me in the dark and then we mixed."

"You bated him! I can see it in your eye!" cried Muldoon, pounding the table so that the dishes jumped.

"You'll have to ask him about that." Clay passed by more important facts.

"When I reached home Kitty was there. They had dropped her in the park to make a safe getaway."

"That's good."

"But Tim—when Annie Millikan gave me the address where Jerry Durand was, the driver of my taxi saw her. The man was 'Slim' Jim."

Muldoon sat up, a serious look on his face. "Man, yuh split the beans that time. How'd you ever come to do it? They'll take it out on Annie, the dogs." The eyes of the policeman blazed.

"Unless we stand by her. First we've got to get her away from there to some decent place where she'll be safe."

Mrs. Muldoon spoke up. "And that's easy. She'll just take our spare bedroom and welcome. Sure the girl needs a mother and a home. An' I don't doubt that she'll pay her way."

"Then that's settled. Will you see Annie, Tim? Or shall I?"

"We'll both see her. But there's another thing. Will she be safe here?"

"I'm goin' to have a talk with 'Slim' Jim and try to throw a scare into him. I'll report to you what he says."

They took a trolley to the lodging house where Annie lived.

The girl looked pale and tired. Clay guessed she had slept little. The memory of "Slim" Jim's snarling face had stood out in the darkness at the foot of her bed.

"Is this a pinch?" she asked Tim, with a pert little tilt to her chin.

"Yuh can call it that, Annie. Mother wants yuh to come and stay with us. You're not safe here. That gang will make yuh pay somehow for what yuh did."

"And if your mother took me in they'd make her pay. You'd maybe lose your job."

"I'd find another. I'm thinkin' of quittin', anyhow."

"I don't think they'd get Tim," put in Clay. "I'm goin' to see Collins and have a talk with him."

"You can't save Jim with soft soap."

"I haven't called him up this mornin' to see how he's feelin'," said Clay whimsically. "Miss Annie, we're worried some about you. Mrs. Muldoon is right anxious for us to get you to come and stay awhile with her. She's lovin' to have a H't girl to mother. Don't you reckon you can go?"

"—I wish yuh'd come, Annie," blurted out Tim, looking down his nose.

"I'm an alley cat you're offerin' to take in and feed," Tim Muldoon, she charged suspiciously.

"You're the girl—my mother loves."

He choked on the impulsive avowal he had almost made and finished the sentence awkwardly.

The girl's face softened. Inside, she was a river of tenderness flowing toward the Irishman. "I'll go to your mother, Tim. If she really wants me, she shall almost in a narmour."

"You're shoutin' now, Miss Annie," said Clay, smiling. "She sure wants you. I'll hit the trail to have that talk with Jim Collins."

He found "Slim" Jim at his stand. That flashily dressed young crook eyed him with a dogged and wary defiance. He had just come from a call at the bedside of Jerry Durand and he felt a healthy respect for the man, who could do what this light-stepping young fellow had done to the champion rough-houser of New York. The story Jerry had told was of an assault from behind with a club, but this Collins did not accept at par. There were too many bruises on his sides and cuts on his face to be accounted for in any way except by a hard toe-to-toe fight.

"Slime," Mr. Collins, "I left you in a hurry last night and forgot to pay my bill. What's the damage?" asked Clay in his gently ironic drawl.

"Slime" Jim growled something the meaning of which was drowned in an oath.

"You say it was a free ride? Much obliged. That's sure fair enough," Clay went on easily. "Well, I didn't come to talk to you about that. I've got other business with you this mornin'."

The chauffeur looked at him sullenly and silently.

"Suppose we get inside the cab, where we can talk comfortably," Clay proposed.

"Slime" Jim stepped into the cab and sat down. Clay followed him, closing the door.

"Have you seen Jerry Durand this sunny mornin'?" asked Lindsay, with surface amiability.

"Wat's it to you?" demanded Collins.

"Not a thing. Nothin' a-tall," agreed Clay. "But it may be somethin' to you. Tim kinda wonderin' whether I'll have to do to you what I did to him."

"Slime" Jim reached for the door handle.

A strong, sinewy hand fell on his arm and tightened, slightly twisting the flesh as the fingers sank deeper.

Collins let out a yell. "Gawd! Don't do that. You're killin' me!"

"Beg yore pardon. An accident. If I get annoyed I'm liable to hurt without meanin' to," apologized Clay, suavely. "I'll come right down to brass tacks, Mr. Collins. You're through with Annie Millikan. Understand?"

"Say, wat tells this stuff you're pipin'?" Who'd you think you was?"

"Never you mind who I am. You'll keep away from Annie from now on—absolutely. If you bother her—if anything happens to her—well, you go and take a good long look at Durand before you make any mistakes."

"You touch me an' I'll croak you. Seal!" hissed Collins.

"A gun-play?" asked Clay pleasantly. "Say, there's a shootin' gallery round the corner. Come along. I gwan'ta show you somethin'!"

"Aw, go to h—!"

The sneaky hand moved again toward the aching muscles of the gunman. Collins clanged his mind hurriedly.

"All right. I'll come," he growled.

Clay tossed a dollar down on the counter, took a .22 and aimed at the row of ducks sailing across the gallery pool. Each duck went down as it appeared. He picked up a second rifle and knocked over seven or eight mice as they scampered across the target screen. With a third gun he snuffed the flaming eye from the right to the left side of the face that grinned at him, then with another shot sent it back again. He smashed a few clay pipes by way of variety. To finish off with, he scored six center shots in a target and rang a bell each time. Not one single bullet had failed to reach its mark.

The New York gunman had never seen such speed and accuracy. He was impressed in spite of the insolent sneer that still curled his lip.

"Got a six-shooter—a forty-five?" asked Clay of the owner of the gallery.

"No."

"Sorry. I'm not much with a rifle, but I'm a good average shot with a six-gun. I kinda take it to natural." They turned and walked back to the cab. Collins fell into the Bowery strut.

"Tryin' to throw a scare into me," he argued feebly.

"Me? Oh, no. You mentioned soft music and the preacher." Mebbe so. But it's liable to be for you if you monkey with the buzz-saw. I'm no gun sharp, but no man who can't empty a revolver in a shade better than two seconds and put every bullet inside the rim of a cup at fifteen yards wants to throw lead at me. You see, I bang up my hat in Arizona. I grew up with a six-gun by my side."

"I should worry. This is little old New York, not Arizona," the gangman answered.

"That's what yore boss Durand thought. What has it brought him but trouble? Lemme give you some-thing to chew on. New York's the biggest city of the biggest, freest country on God's green footstool. You little sewer rats pull wires and think you run it. Get wise, you poor loosed glunk. You run it about as much as that fly on the wheel of yore taxi drives the engine. Durand's the whole works by his way of it, but when some one calls his bluff see where he gets on."

"He ain't through with you yet," growled "Slime" Jim, sulkily.

"Mebbe not, but you—you're through with Annie," Clay caught him by the shoulder and swung him round. His eyes bored chilly into the other man. "Don't you forget to remember not to forget that. Let her alone. Don't go near her or play any tricks to hurt her. Lay off for good. If you don't—well, you'll pay heavy. I'll be on the job personal to collect."

Clay swung away and strode down the street, light-heeled and lithe, the sap of vital youth in every rippling muscle.

"Slime" Jim watched him, snarling hatred. If ever he got a good chance at him it would be certain for the guy from Arizona, he swore savagely.

## CHAPTER XIV

Johnnie Says He Is Much Obligated. Beatrice, just back from riding with Bromfield, stood on the steps in front of the grilled door and stripped the gloves from her hands.

"I'm on fire with impatience, Bee," he told her. "I can hardly wait for that three weeks to pass. The days drag when I'm not with you."

He was standing a step or two below her, a graceful, well-groomed figure of ease, an altogether desirable catch in the matrimonial market. His dark hair, parted in the middle, was beginning to thin, and tiny crow's-feet radiated from the eyes, but he retained the light, slim figure of youth. It ought not to be hard to love Clarence Bromfield, his fiancée reflected. Yet he disappointingly failed to stir her pulses.

She smiled with friendly derision. "Poor Clara! You don't look like a Venusian ready to erupt. You have such remarkable self-control."

His smile met hers. "I can't go up and down the street ringing a bell like a town crier and shouting it out to everybody I meet."

Round the corner of the house a voice was lifted in tuneless song.

Oh, I'm goin' home Bull-wharkin' for to spin. I ain't got a nickel. And I don't give a dern. 'Tis when I meet a pretty girl, You bet I will or try. I'll make her my little wife, Root her or die.

"You see Johnnie isn't ashamed to shout out his good intentions," she said.

Johnnie isn't engaged to the loveliest creature under heaven. He doesn't have to lie awake nights for fear the skies will fall and blot him out before his day of bliss."

Beatrice dropped a little curtsy. She held out her hand in dismissal. "Till tomorrow, Clara."

As Bromfield turned away, Johnnie came round a corner of the house, dragging a garden hose. He was attacking another stanza of the song:

There's hard times on old Blister Creek That never can be beat. It was root hog or die Under every wagon wheel. We cleared up all the Indians, Drank.

The puncher stopped abruptly at sight of his mistress.

"What did you drink that has made you so happy this morning, Johnnie?" she asked lightly.

The cowpuncher's secret burst from him. "I done got married, Miss Beatrice."

"You—what?"

"I up and got married day before yesterday," he beamed.

"And who's the happy girl?"

"Kitty Mason. We jes' walked to the church round the corner. Clay, he stood up with us and give the bride away. It's me 'n her for Arizona poco pronto."

Beatrice felt a queer joyous lift inside her as of some weight that had gone. In a single breath Johnnie had blown away the mists of misunderstanding that for weeks had clouded her vision. Her heart went out to Clay with a rush of warm emotion. The friend she had distrusted was all she had ever believed him. He was more—a man too staunch to desert under pressure any one who had even a slight claim on him.

"I want to meet her. Will you bring her to see me this afternoon, Johnnie?" she asked.

His face was one glad grin. "I sure will. Y'betcha, by jollies."

He did.

To Beatrice, busy writing a letter, came Jenkins some hours later.

"A young person—to see you, Miss Whitford." He said it with a manner so apologetic that it stressed his opinion of the social status of the visitor.

"What kind of a person?"

"A young woman, Miss. From the country. I tike it."

"She didn't give you a card?"

No, Miss. She come with the per-

son Mr. Whitford took on to tip with the work houtside.

"Oh! Show them both up. And have tea sent in, Jenkins."

Kitty's shy eyes lifted apprehensively to those of this slim young patriot so beautifully and simply gowned, instantly her fears fled. Beatrice moved swiftly to her with both hands outstretched.

"I'm so glad to meet you."

She kissed the young wife with unaccustomed tenderness. For the Colorado girl had about her a certain modesty that was disarming, an appeal of helplessness Beatrice could not resist.

Kitty, in the arms of her hostess, wept a few tears. She had been under a strain in anticipating the ordeal of meeting Johnnie's mistress, and she had discovered her to be a very sweet, warm-hearted girl.

As for Johnnie, he had a tolerably happy half-hour. He had brought his hat in with him and he did not know how to dispose of it. What he did do was to keep it revolving in his hands. This had to be abandoned when Miss Whitford handed him a quite unnecessary cup of tea and a superfluous plate of toasted English muffins. He wished his hands had not been so big and red and freckled. Also he had an uncomfortable suspicion that his tow hair was tousled and unbecoming in spite of his attempts at home to plaster it down.

He declined sugar and cream because for some reason it seemed easier to say "No'm" than "Yes," though he always took both with tea. And he disgraced himself by sending his tongue and failing to suppress the pain. Finally the plate, with his muffin, carefully balanced on his knee, from some devilish caprice plunged over the precipice to the carpet and the whirl of china broke.

Whereupon Kitty gently reproved him, as was her wifely duty.

"I ain't no society fellow," the distressed puncher explained to his hostess, tiny beads of perspiration on his forehead.

Beatrice had already guessed as much, but she did not admit it to Johnnie. She and Kitty smiled at each other in that common superiority which their sex gives them to any mere man upon such an occasion. For Mrs. John Green, though afternoon tea was to her an alien custom, took to it as a duck to water.

Miss Whitford handed Johnnie an envelope. "Would it be too much trouble for you to take a letter to Mr. Lindsay?" she asked very casually as they rose to go.

The bridegroom said he was much obliged and he would be plumb tickled to take a message to Clay.

When Clay read the note his blood glowed. It was a characteristic two-line apology:



## Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

## Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—4.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

## THE BIG TOWN ROUND-UP

Continued from Page 2  
him, her cheeks flushing. "I don't know how you're going to forgive me, Clay. I've been awfully small and priggish. I hate to think I'm ungenerous, but that's just what I've been."

"Let's forget it," he said gently. "No, I don't want to forget—not till I've told you how humble I feel today. I might have trusted you. Why didn't I? It would have been easy for me to have taken your little friend in and made things right for her. That's what I ought to have done. But, instead of that—Oh, I hate myself for the way I acted."

Her troubled smile, grave and sweet, touched him closely. It was in his horse's eye that the spell of this young Diana must be upon him. He put his hand on hers as it rested on the pommel of the saddle and gave it a slight pressure. "You're a good scout, Mr. partner."

But it was Beatrice's way to step up to punishment and take what was coming. As a little girl, while still almost a baby, she had once walked up to her mother, eyes flashing with spirit, and pronounced judgment on herself. "I've tum to be spanked. I broke Clara's doll an' I'm glad of it, mean old bug. So there!" Now she was not going to let the subject drop until she had freed her soul.

"No, Clay, I've been a poor sportsman. When my friend needed me I failed him. It hurts me, because—oh, you know. When the test came I wasn't there. One hates to be a quitter."

Her humility distressed him, though he loved the spirit of her apology. "It's all right, Bee. Don't you worry. All friends misunderstand each other, but the real ones clear things up."

She had not yet told him the whole truth and she meant to make clean confession. "I've been a miserable little fool." She stopped with a little catch in the breath, blushed red, and plunged on. Her level eyes never flinched from his. "I've got to out with it, Clay. You won't misunderstand, I know. I was jealous. I wanted to keep your friendship to myself—I didn't want to share it with another girl. That's how mean I am."

A warm smile lit his face. "I've sure enough found my friend again this morn'g."

Her smile met his. Then, lost barriers fell, too fast between them, she put her horse to a gallop.

As they moved into the park a snorting automobile leaped past them with



Her Troubled Smile, Grave and Sweet, Touched Him Closely.

muffler open. The horse upon which Beatrice rode was a young one. It gave instant signals of alarm, went snuffing on its hind legs, came down to all fours, and bolted.

Beatrice kept her head. She put her weight on the reins with all the grip of her small, strong hands. But the horse had the bit in its teeth. She felt herself helpless, flying wildly down the road at incredible speed. Bushes and trees, the reeling road, a limousine, a mounted policeman, all flew by her with blurred detail.

She became aware of the rapid thud of hoofs behind, of a figure beside her riding knee to knee, of a boy's hand taking hold of the rein close to the bit. The speed slackened. The horses pounded to a halt.

The girl found herself trembling. She leaned back in a haze of dizziness against an arm which circled her shoulder and waist. Memory leaped across the years to that other time when she had rested in his arms, his heart beating against hers. In that moment of deep understanding of herself, Beatrice knew the truth beyond any doubt. A new heaven and a new earth were waiting for her, but she could not enter them. For she herself had closed the gate and locked it fast.

His low voice soothed and comforted her.

"I'm all right," she told him. Clay withdrew his arm. "I'd report

**Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

that fellow if I had his number," he said. "You stick to your saddle fine. You're one straight-up rider."

"I'll ask Mr. Bromfield to give you fifty dollars again," she laughed nervously.

That word "again" stuck in his consciousness.

"You've known me all along," he charged.

"Of course I've known you—knew you when you stood on the steps after you had tied the janitor."

"I knew you, too?"

"Why didn't you say so?"

"Did you expect me to make that grandstand play on the 'parade' a claim on your kindness? I didn't do a thing for you that day any man wouldn't have done. I happened to be the lucky fellow that got the chance. That's all. Come to that, it was up to you to do the recognizing if any was done. It had worked out that you didn't know me, but once or twice from things you said I almost thought you did."

"I meant to tell you some time, but—well, I wanted to see how long you could keep from telling me. Now you've done it again."

"I'd like to ride with you the rest of your life," he said unexpectedly. They trembled on the edge of self-revelation. It was the girl who rescued them from the expression of their emotions.

"I'll speak to Clara about it. Maybe he'll take you on as a groom," she said with surface lightness.

As soon as they reached home Beatrice led the way into the library. Bromfield was sitting there with her father. They were talking over plans for the annual election of officers of the Bird Cage Mining company. Whitford was the largest stockholder and Bromfield owned the next biggest block. They controlled it between them.

"Dad, Rob Roy bolted and Mr. Lindsay stopped him before I was thrown."

Whitford rose, the color ebbing from his cheeks. "I've always told you that brute was dangerous. I'll offer him for sale today."

"And I've discovered that we know the man who saved me from the wild steer in Arizona. It was Mr. Lindsay."

"Lindsay?" Whitford turned to him. "Is that right?"

"It's correct."

Clay Whitford, much moved, put a hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Son, you know what I'd like to tell you. I reckon I can't say it right."

"We'll consider it said, Mr. Whitford," answered Clay with his quick, boyish smile. "No use in spilling a lot of 'dictionary words'."

"Why didn't you tell us?" "It was nothing to brag about."

Bromfield came to time with a thin words of thanks. "We're all greatly in your debt, Mr. Lindsay."

As the days passed the malicious jealousy of the New York clubman deepened to a steady hatred. A fellow of ill-controlled temper, his thin-skinned vanity writhed at the condition which confronted him. He was engaged to a girl who preferred another and better man, one against whom he had an unalterable grudge. He recognized in the westerner an eager energy, a clean-cut resilience, and an abounding vitality he would have given a great deal to possess.

His own early manhood had been frittered away in futile dissipation and he resented bitterly the contrast between himself and Lindsay that must continually be present in the mind of the girl who had promised to marry him. He had many adventurous things to offer her—such advantages as modern civilization has made desirable to housewife women—but he could not give the clean, splendid youth she craved. It was the price he had paid for many sybaritic pleasures he had been too soft to deny himself.

With only a little more than two weeks of freedom before her, Beatrice made the most of her days. For the first time in her life she became a creature of moods. The dominant ones were rebellion, recklessness and repugnance. While Bromfield waited and toiled she rode and tramped with Clay. It was not fair to her advanced lover. She knew that. But there were times when she wanted to shriek as dressmakers and costumers fussed over her and wore out her jangled nerves with multitudinous details. The same hysteria welled up in her occasionally at the luncheons and dinners that were being given in honor of her approaching marriage.

It was not logical, of course. She was moving toward the destiny she had chosen for herself. But there was an instinct in her, savage and primitive, to hurt Bromfield because she herself was suffering. In the privacy of her room she passed hours of tearful regret for these bursts of fierce insurrection.

Ten days before the wedding Beatrice wounded his vanity flagrantly. Clarendon was giving an informal tea for her at his rooms. Half an hour before the time set, Beatrice got him on the wire and explained that her car was stalled with engine trouble two miles from Yonkers.

"I'm awfully sorry, Clay," she pleaded. "We ought not to have come so far. Please tell our friends I've been delayed, and—I won't do it again."

Bromfield hung up the receiver in a cold fury. He restrained himself for the moment, made the necessary explanation, and went through with the tea somehow. But as soon as his guests were gone he gave himself up to his anger. He began planning a revenge on the man who no doubt was laughing in his sleeve at him. He wanted the fellow exposed, discredited and humiliated.

But how? Walking up and down his room like a caged panther, Bromfield remembered that Lindsay had other enemies in New York, powerful ones, who would be eager to co-operate with him in bringing about the man's downfall. Was it possible for him to work with them under cover? If so, in what way?

Clarendon Bromfield was not a criminal, but a conventional member of society. It was not in his mind or in

his character to plot the murder or mayhem of his rival. What he wanted was a public disgrace, one that would blot his name out to the newspapers as a lawbreaker. He wanted to sicken Beatrice and her father of their strange infatuation for Lindsay.

A plan began to unfold itself for him. It was one which called for expert assistance. He called up Jerry Durand, got him on the telephone, and made an appointment to meet him secretly.

To be continued

## JEWELS BURIED SEVEN YEARS

French Countess Recovers Treasure Which She Had Long Since Given Up as Lost.

Treasure trove to the value of \$30,000 francs has been unearthed by gardeners who were making a new path outside the Dauphine gate of the Bois de Boulogne. One of them, engaged in removing an overgrown lilac bush, suddenly shouted that he had found a handful of pearls, and when his companions joined him and more soil was turned up, a small heap of jewels was revealed, lying hardly more than a foot below the surface. Altogether 11 pearls were recovered, in addition to a very large one set in diamonds and a sapphire diamond bracelet from which two sapphires are missing. The police found the owner within a few hours, according to the *Moniteur*. She is the Countess de Beauregard, and it is more than seven years since she lost them. She says that on August 2, when war was declared, she went to the safe containing her jewels to prepare it for removal to the bank, but found several cases open and empty, though a diamond tiara and other valuable articles still remained. The police suspected her German chambermaid and several times visited her in the segregation camp to which she was removed, in order to obtain admissions. After peace was signed this woman, however, was sent to Germany, and the countess lost all hope of recovering her jewels. The pearls belonged to a necklace of 160, and the view is that the thieves visited the hiding place from time to time as they wanted money.

## MODERN LIFE IN OLD CITY

Changes in Bagdad Might Well Cause Caliphs to Turn Over to Their Gorgeous Tombs.

Bagdad, the city of caliphs, the scene of the deeds of the good Harun al-Rashid of "Arabian Nights" fame, is now enjoying the strangest sights in its 1,300 years of history. The British have brought the Strand to its bazaar, the motorboat to the Tigris and the automobile to its time-saten gates.

Bagdad enjoys an English weekly magazine, published in English and Arabic, including some of the latest brand of British humor, and excellent portraits of the leading muzziks and sheiks. There are a number of British banks doing business in the city, branches of great institutions famous the world over.

British hotels are there offering roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with ale and stout to wash them down. They have Turkish baths, billiard rooms, palm gardens and are furnished with English furniture throughout.

British stores sell perfumery, novels, clothing for male and female of the latest styles of London and Paris. One leading department store in the old city advertises: "What you may not get in other stores in Bagdad you can get in ours," says the *Wall Street Journal*.

One may soon see some lordly son of the desert driving in his flivver to the local hotel to partake of the roast beef and ale of old England. Selah!

## Inverted Steam Hammer.

A decidedly novel use of a steam hammer is to make it pull out of the ground steel sheet piling that it had previously driven into it. This was done recently with some piling that had become so tightly frozen in that it could not be pulled out by the derrick alone. The steam hammer was hung upside down from the derrick, and around the hammer four strands of three-quarter inch cable were slung so that they carried below the hammer a derrick that was bolted through the eye of the piling.—*Popular Mechanics Magazine*.

## New Colonization Planned.

That the Mexican federal authorities have in view a vast colonization project in Lower California, by which it is hoped to solve the problem created by the great number of unemployed Mexicans at present, was the interesting statement recently made by the secretary of the Interior, General Plutarco Elias Calles. The plan is to allot arable land to each colonist, which will involve irrigation work on a large scale.

## Playful Horse Races Train.

Newburyport, Mass.—A horse that broke out of the barn of Charles Rolfe early one morning headed for the Boston and Maine Railroad and reached the tracks just as a Boston-bound freight train rounded a curve. The playful horse galloped over two open-work bridges crossing the Parker river and several culverts, keeping ahead of the train for about three miles. When the Town of Rowley was reached the horse left the tracks and surrendered to a farmer.

## In the Vermont Legislature.

In Vermont the state senate is composed of thirty members, one from each county, and the lower house is made up of one man from each township in the state.

## Friends Can Do Much Harm.

If a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defense by its friends.—Colt.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## Memorizing Worth While.

THAT he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence; precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of nature's wonders through a microscope.—Vernon Lushington.

## Olive Introduced into America.

During the course of the emigration to the new-found land, the Spaniards brought the seeds of the olive tree with them. As far as historians and eminent agriculturists can determine, the olive tree was not a habitant of the western hemisphere, and since it had been known to have been transplanted all over the Mediterranean region, it is not unreasonable to suppose its origin in this country can be attributed to its having been brought here.

## Our Clerics.

Little by little the Jesuits' stock in trade is being depleted through scientific discovery. An English professor now declares that people get sleepy during the sermon because they hypnotize themselves gazing fixedly at the preacher. It is not because they are inattentive, but because they are too attentive. Therefore, jokes on the subject are not knocks for the parson, but boosts.

## Needed Spraying.

Miss G. L. S. sends us the following which she received direct from the lady referred to: Marjory, five years old, after hearing for the first time the story of Eve and the apple, remarked: "You know, Miss Smith, I think the trouble was that tree wasn't sprayed, and Eve should never have eaten an apple off of a tree that wasn't sprayed. You never can tell what will happen!"—*Boston Transcript*.

## Author's Trip Almost Royal.

Mark Twain says that when Bret Harte came east in 1870 to take the editorship of the proposed *Lakeside Magazine* in Chicago, that he crossed the continent in such a prodigious blaze of national interest and excitement that one might have supposed that he was the victor of India or a progress of Halley's comet come again after 75 years of lamented absence.

## Radiophones for Pilots.

Steamships entering the port of San Francisco no longer will be held up in foggy weather for the pilot boats to come alongside with a pilot. The pilot boats which put out from the Golden Gate have now been equipped with wireless telephones.

As soon as a steamer arrives off the headlands and sends a wireless message for a pilot the message is relayed from shore by radio-telephony to one of the pilot sloops and the latter immediately puts off with a pilot for the incoming ship.

## Born in the House.

Toledo, O.—Frank Corson, grocer at Sylvania and Detroit avenues, was approached recently by a dealer in real estate, who offered an attractive little home on Lagrange street way. "It is a well made house and although not strictly modern, is in first class condition," said the land wizard. When Corson arrived at the house he fully agreed with the agent as he was born in the house and his father, Marshall Corson, built it in 1894.

## Time Limit Set.

Because my nephew had been reminded to remove his rubbers before coming into the house, and rather urged to depend more on soap and water and less on the towel he remarked, "Well, aunty, I may stand this house of rules till Saturday, but I'm going home then."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## When Helne Was a Tramp.

Heinrich Helne was a tramp. He trudged all of one summer through Saxony in an old coat. He was going to Weimar to flatter—that seems odd—Goethe. As he wandered through the Harz mountains counting the speech he meant to make to the great German poet, he plucked plums by the wayside. When he reached his destination he forgot his eulogy and could only stammer his praise of Saxon plums. The railing, cynical exile of Paris, prodding his enemies with a trenchant pen, was that summer lovable as a tramp.—*Exchange*.

## Beethoven's Marvellous Music.

The mysterious charms of Goethe's song of Mignon, to which Beethoven wrote the music, is that the song is the expression of the same awe-struck yearning which walls and thunders through the music of the master. In the melody alone all the wild vagueness and dim aspiration of the song are manifest, and only because the union is perfect is the impression uniform. Should Wilhelm Meister be lost to literature the blossom of Mignon's life would still bloom in the music.—*George William Curtis*.

## School Laws in Various States.

Colorado, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oklahoma, North Dakota, West Virginia, Louisiana and Florida do not accept certificates granted by other states. Many of these, however, issue other certificates on the basis of recognized credentials, provided the requirements are met. Connecticut is the only state which issues certificates wholly on the basis of examination, and does not accept credits from institutions either within or without the state.

## Queer Taste Accounted For.

Coming home from a party late one bright moonlight night, I did not light a lamp on entering the house. Feeling hungry, I went to the pantry for a lunch. Taking a slice of bread, I spread it with what I supposed to be plum marmalade. Proceeding to the kitchen, I took a bite of my sandwich to find it did not taste like those my mother puts up in my school lunch. Lighting a lamp I discovered I had used soft soap instead of marmalade.—*Chicago Journal*.

## Antarctic Discoveries.

J. L. Coje, the explorer, returned to Plymouth, England, a year ahead of schedule; he had discovered extensive, workable mineral deposits and gained valuable knowledge relating to fisheries, including the secret migrating place of whales. After exploiting these finds he plans to go back, taking his wife with him, in which case she will be the first woman to set foot on the antarctic continent.—*Scientific American*.

## World Growing Worse?

Diogenes carried a lantern in his hand for an honest man, but there are pessimists who insist that he wouldn't have been successful even if he had possessed a searchlight.

## So Different From Her Own.

"I do enjoy those films with children in 'em," remarked a tired-looking little woman. "When the children romp around on the screen they don't make a particle of noise."

## Blissful Ignorance.

"A bachelor is but half a man and doesn't know it," remarks an exchange. "A married man is reminded of it often."—*Boston Transcript*.

## Salty.

Salt beds covering an area of forty square miles exist in Nova Scotia. One bed alone is said to be 200 feet wide and eighty feet deep.

## Daily Thought.

The history of a nation in the sense in which I use the word is often best studied in works not professedly historical.—*Macaulay*.

## Special Bargains

Call and Winter Woofens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 0 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which will arrive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

## RARE GEMS LOST TO SIGHT

Russian Crown Jewels Supposed to Have Been Disposed of in Small Assortments.

The great collection of Russian crown jewels seems likely to share the mysterious fate of the peacock throne in Delhi, writes Frederic J. Haskin in the *Chicago Daily News*.

The peacock throne, which cost the Shah Jehan \$400,000, was a wonderful canopied chair of pure gold encrusted with rubies, sapphires and fountains of pearls, and ornamented with two great jeweled peacocks and a life-sized parrot cut from a single emerald. It was a fabulous work of art, and when it slipped out of sight after the death of the shah there was much speculation. Presumably a strand of pearls was looted off here, a ruby pried off there, and the emerald parrot cut into a number of less distinctive jewels. Today a mere thrackle framework in Teheran is pointed out uncertainly as the peacock throne.

The crown jewels of Russia are supposed to be slipping away in similar fashion. There was no word of any looting when the Kremlin in Moscow, where the glittering jewels of royalty reposed, fell into the hands of the revolutionists. The Kremlin has been guarded by the soviet government. The condition of the treasury galleries is veiled in mystery.

South African papers in close touch with the diamond trade state that \$10,000,000 worth of stolen Russian diamonds were thrown on the jewel market in ten months in 1921—and the crown jewel collection of Russia was particularly rich in diamonds.

## SAVED HER PENCIL SUPPLY

Extremely Masculine Office Force Shielded Off Busy Stenographers' Shade of Delicate Lavender.

Part of every morning in the Busy Stenographer's life went toward collecting her precious pencils from everybody else's desk. Of course she never could prove these really were her own. The big fact was that at the end of the day her supply was always nil.

Penulime wit met the problem. Of course the men in her office classed themselves as very masculine; went in for striped neckties and checked suits, smoked tea rooms for lunch, but knew every chop house within a score of blocks—real men stuff, you know.

One morning the Busy Stenographer came in with a new package of pencils. She sharpened them carefully and laid them in readiness on her desk. The day passed by. Her pencils were borrowed—but returned. From the far end of the office the office boy came during the afternoon. "Hey, Miss Blank, isn't this one of your pencils? I thought you might be lookin' for it!" At the close of the day the supply was still intact. The color of the wood was delicately lavender.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

## He Is Not Yet Crowned.

The news that something in the nature of a tentative offer to the throne of Albania has been made to Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte is a reminder that the Bonapartes have long had a close connection with America. This connection began with the Bonaparte who was made king of Westphalia by the first Napoleon, of whom he was the youngest brother. This Jerome Bonaparte settled in the United States after being exiled from France by his brother, and remained until his appointment as king, in 1807. The present bearer of the name, who has come into prominence, is a great-grandson of the king, and a nephew of Charles J. Bonaparte, who was attorney general in the cabinet of President Roosevelt. It would be odd indeed if a plain citizen of democratic America should now become a European king.

## After Many Years.

A proposed wing of the American Museum of Natural Sciences in New York, which was commenced nine years ago and abandoned for lack of funds, is about to be started in earnest, the money having been secured for the work. At that time the foundations were laid, but when the expenditure for this had been consumed the work was stopped. The new wing will be used mainly for the housing of the marine exhibit of the institution, which is very extensive, but which has heretofore been boxed up for the lack of space to properly exhibit it.

## Circus Tent Stakes Driven by Power.

The automobile truck has largely superseded the horse as a means of transportation for the itinerant circus. It has also relegated the usefulness of the former sledge-swinging skill of the caravanserai.

Now the stakes for the tents are not driven by hand, but by a truck built especially for that purpose. It carries the stakes and the tent poles and is equipped with a miniature pile-driver of the modern automatic type, operated by a belt from the truck's engine. All the caravansmen have to do is to hold the stakes under the hammer of the driver until they are started into the ground.—*Exchange*.

Established 1789  
**The Mercury.**  
Newport, R. I.  
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
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Saturday, May 20, 1922

It is now approaching the end of May, the fifth month of the year, and yet the Massachusetts Great and General Court lives on. The legislature of that state comes near being in perpetual session.

The prospects for a good fruit crop this season are said to be first class all over the country. If no early frosts appear apples, peaches, pears, etc., will come down to a price where ordinary people can know the taste of them once more.

The Senate committee having the bill in charge has agreed to a bill making the regular army of the United States 140,000 men, with approximately 12,500 officers. This is an increase over the House bill of 25,000 men and 1600 officers. An army of that size is none too large for the country's needs.

Brush fires are beginning again, and the foresters are awaiting the discovery of a Ninevite tablet recording that three days after the waters of the Flood receded a fierce fire swept the wooded flanks of Mt. Ararat to the timber-line below the Ark.—Boston Herald.

Perhaps some of the descendants of the firebugs of that day are at work in this section of the world.

At the progress now being made in Congress it is unsafe to predict the passage of the new tariff bill at any definite period in the near or far distant future. Some time previous to the end of the present century those who are living may see a new tariff law enacted. But the prospect of immediate action looks dubious.

Well done, Providence! In seven days the volunteer workers have raised the magnificent sum of \$1,222,608.89 for the new hospital to be built in that city. It is a worthy object and has been carried out in a most praiseworthy manner. Ground has been already broken for the new hospital, and the building will be commenced at once and carried on vigorously to the finish.

The bust of the former German Kaiser was put up at auction in a Connecticut town the other day and the first bid for it was thirty cents. It was finally knocked off to a hotel proprietor for \$35. It is to be used to adorn his house. Perhaps he thinks it will act as a magnet to draw the ex-Kaiser's friends. Its drawing powers in this country at this time would seem to be a negligible quantity.

The great coal strike does not seem to interfere with soft coal mining. Reports say that more of that kind of coal has been mined since the strike than ever. The demand is light and the operators do not seem to care whether the strike ends or not. Probably when the public gets into the market and ready to take the coal at any price the differences between operator and miner will be speedily settled.

Would it not be money well expended if the city should put out a little in putting the names of the streets on the street corners? Take the entire length of Broadway and there is scarcely a name of any connecting street to be seen. It is the same all over the city. Strangers find great trouble in locating the street they want. Many of our own people have trouble in that line. In most cities of our acquaintance names of the streets are found conspicuously placed on every corner. This is as it should be, and Newport will do well to follow good examples.

Do we need another amendment to the Federal Constitution to confirm a citizen's right to be heard before the flames crackle around him at the lynching stake?—Boston Herald.

No; but we need a Federal anti-lynching law, that will make killing of a person by a mob an offence punishable by hanging of every person found within a mile of the scene; and also to make any town, city or state that does not enforce the law to the letter, subject to martial law of the United States. Hanging negroes in many parts of the South is as much of a pastime as it was in the days before the Civil War.

Vermont has found it advisable to send a committee to New York to advertise the state and its beautiful scenery. Everybody knows that Vermont is a beautiful state, and for mountain scenery it is only surpassed by New Hampshire; but for all round beauty, with seashore, bays, fine drives, beautiful residences and the top society of the world, no place can compare with Newport and the shores of Narragansett Bay. Nature has given us the finest climate and the finest scenery in the world, and art has added to the natural beauty till it has well be called "Newport, the Incomparable."

**DARK DAY OF 1780.**  
As we stated two weeks ago, May is a month of anniversaries. An event which has oft been recalled, and which figures prominently in ancient annals is the famous Dark Day of 1780. Just one hundred and forty-two years ago yesterday, May 19th, 1780, that event took place. There have been many "dark days" since that event, but none that has come down in history like that one. This phenomenon extended through Maine, through New York and New Jersey; but it was most intense in southern part of New Hampshire, eastern Massachusetts, and all of Rhode Island. From ancient reports it would seem that Newport was in the very center. It lasted from 10 o'clock a. m. till midnight, and during its prevalence it was impossible to read ordinary print; candles had to be lighted within doors, and the hens went to roost thinking that it was night; animals generally mistook noon for night, and not a few people believed that the end of the world had come. At night the wind changed and the next morning all was serene.

Members of Palestine Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, will start on a grand pilgrimage across the continent on June 2 to attend the 48th annual session of the Imperial Council, A. A. O. N. M. S., at San Francisco, Cal., beginning Monday, June 12th. It is not known how many, if any, Newport Shriners will accompany the party. Aleppo Temple of Boston will also go on the same train and it is probable that all the Shriners of New England will be in the same party. They will travel by special train all the way, visiting on the way most of the scenic places of the country.

Cranston had a drowning scare early in the week which ended somewhat ludicrously. A pair of pants was found on the shore of a pond. Accordingly the pond was dredged, but no owner was found. The mystery deepens. Search was made far and near for the man without the pants. Finally it was discovered that a generous friend had given the sought-after man a better pair of pants than those he had been wearing and he took a secluded spot in which to exchange garments, leaving the discarded pants as mystery breeders.

The new Biltmore Hotel in Providence will be open for business June 6, according to the official announcement. Let us hope it will share a better fate than was allotted the early career of some other hotels in that city. The Narragansett Hotel, when first built, was considered a magnificent hostelry, but it did not pay. It changed owners several times, nearly bankrupting those who had it. The present owner finally bought the property for less money than was originally paid for the ground on which the hotel stands.

Government expenditures have decreased in the past ten months of President Harding's administration \$1,500,000,000. That is certainly a good showing and leads to the hope that we shall eventually get back to an economical government. A few years ago, when the government expenses reached an annual outlay of a billion dollars, a howl of rage went up all over the land. Since then we have had eight years of Democratic economy. The result was the last year of that "economy" cost the country \$9,182,000,000.

Forest fires have been more numerous in this state and the other New England states this spring than ever before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The damage done has been tremendous. Houses, barns, woodlands and much other property have been destroyed, and several lives have been lost. Some of these fires may have been caused by accident; others by carelessness; but there is little doubt that many of them have been caused by incendiaries.

Governor San Souci has sent the State's check for \$25, to bring back to this State the silver service that the State presented the battleship Rhode Island a few years ago. The Rhode Island soon to go to the junk heap, the government graciously allows the State its silver service if it will pay for bringing it home, which the Governor has kindly done.

Large numbers of mackerel are being landed here daily, and the fishermen are receiving good prices for the catch, although there has been a slight drop in the wholesale price within a few days, owing to the large supply.

The national conference of Social Workers is to be held in Providence the latter part of June. It is expected that it will bring together five thousand delegates. It will be a big undertaking for the city to successfully house them all.

Uncle Sam says "No, I thank you" to the request to join in the Genoa or Russian parleys. The Russian Soviet Government is in no condition for this country to recognize it.

Mr. Nicholas Ciccone, flutist of the Grotto Band, is recovering from an operation and is now at home.

**AN UNFORGETTABLE CHRISTMAS**  
(Providence Journal)  
Will the Navy ever cease to reminisce about Josephus? Here is a pretty officer writing to the Boston Transcript, to relate a colloquy with Mr. Daniels at a chance meeting on a Pullman between Atlanta and Raleigh. "Sir Josephus seeing a sailor in uniform" comes alongside and, "extending a slabby fin" addresses him: "How are you, my lad?" Not being recognized, he explains: "I am your former boss, my name is Daniels," and he sits down for a chat. "Well, my boy, how did you like the way I ran things when I was Secretary of the Navy? Didn't I always look after the welfare of the enlisted men, and spare myself no pains in providing for their comfort?"

That stirred a lurking memory under the blue cap. "None of us enjoyed Christmas Day outside of New York in 1918," the sailor rejoined unemotionally. "What do you mean, my man? said the great statesman in his most democratic manner." He was briefly informed: "The battleships which had been across were due to arrive in New York on Christmas Day. Early that morning we were in sight of Ambrose Channel lightship, all hands looking forward to Christmas dinner at home or in New York, when you ordered us to remain outside for forty-eight hours, and announced to the newspapers that the fleet had been delayed by bad weather. We had no more fresh food—and no Christmas dinner."

Mr. Daniels was retrospectively silent a moment. Then he spoke as follows: "I am very sorry about that, but it was my wife's fault—she wanted to have Christmas dinner at home, and we both wanted to see the fleet come into New York."

The grand review under the shadow of Liberty's statue was carried out as per schedule, with the Secretary or the Navy, on time from Washington, perched on the bridge of the President's yacht. President Wilson was unable to be present to greet our Armada—on that day he was being received at Buckingham Palace.

The ceremony lasted less than twenty minutes. Precious interval in Time's silent round! For that triumphal chapter in our glorious annals, ten thousand war-worn American sailors and boys were held back from welcoming arms, from home and friends, from New York's patriotic millions eager to share their Christmas joy with the home-comers—and went without their Christmas dinner.

Mr. Daniels' explanation of the melancholy incident is a valued contribution from the secret archives of the war. O, Josephus! O, Adam!

Not all the people of New Hampshire are opposed to daylight saving time, notwithstanding the late legislature legislated against it. The city of Manchester, the largest city in the state, has just adopted a daylight saving law, to go into effect May 28. Two other New Hampshire communities, Nashua and Derry, are already enjoying the benefits of the daylight saving law. It will not be long before all the large places in the state will follow the example of the towns in Rhode Island and adopt daylight saving.

**Ancient Earrings.**  
The ear-ring is not a modern invention, for more than 20 centuries ago the daughter of Aristotle wore golden hoops in her ears. The philosopher's daughter's earrings were found in her tomb near the city by exploring archaeologists, and the ancient modern world's present produce their report.—Herald.

## Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2880—\$1.00  
Fi, Fo, Fum—One Step  
Dancing Honey-moon—Fox Trot
  - A2879—\$1.00  
Just Another Kiss—W  
Ah There—Fox Trot
  - A2883—\$1.00  
Mohammed—Fox Trot  
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
  - A2895—\$1.00  
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot  
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
  - A2893—\$1.00  
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson  
C-U-B-A—Kaufman
- We ship Records all over the country.

## PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE

NEWPORT, R. I.

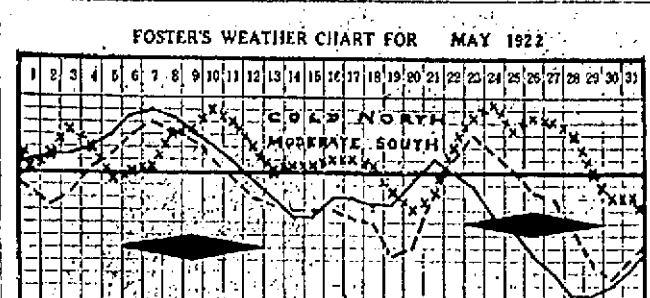
WEEKLY CALENDAR, MAY, 1922

STANDARD TIME									
	Sun	Sun	Moon	High Water	Low Water	Sun	Sun	Moon	High Water
	sets	rises	sets	rises	sets	sets	rises	sets	rises
20 Sat	4 18	7 00	1 13	2 42	4 10	4 18	7 00	1 13	2 42
21 Sun	4 17	7 01	1 12	2 43	4 10	4 17	7 01	1 12	2 43
22 Mon	4 17	7 02	1 11	2 44	4 11	4 17	7 02	1 11	2 44
23 Tue	4 16	7 03	1 10	2 45	4 11	4 16	7 03	1 10	2 45
24 Wed	4 15	7 04	1 09	2 46	4 12	4 15	7 04	1 09	2 46
25 Thurs	4 15	7 05	1 08	2 47	4 12	4 15	7 05	1 08	2 47
26 Fri	4 14	7 06	1 07	2 48	4 13	4 14	7 06	1 07	2 48

First quarter May 4, 7:57 morning  
Full moon May 11, 1:02 morning  
Last quarter May 18, 1:18 evening  
New moon May 25, 1:05 evening

## Deaths.

In Portsmouth R. I. May 15, Matilda A. wife of Perry G. Randall, in her 8th year.  
In Fall River, May 14, Annie M. Reid.



For weather forecasts, see the weather section on page 1. For more detailed information, see the weather section on page 1.

Washington, D. C., May 20.—This severe storms during week centering on 26; cooler last days of May. Probably above normal moisture. Plant late corn on your low lands that are not occupied by other crops. See first paragraph.

Northwest.—North of 36 and east of 90; lower than usual temperatures; moderate warm wave during week centering on May 23; great fall in temperatures May 21 to 30; severe storms near 26; good crop weather except where high ridges are south of you. See first paragraph.

Pacific slope.—North of 36, west of Rockies crest; temperatures, rains, storms, will fluctuate much as in northwest, but two days earlier. Fair crop weather last ten days of May, but probably not sufficient moisture for best results. Parts of the Pacific slope are not favorably situated for best of crop weather, at least during May. Quite a difference exists between general prospects for east and west of Rockies. I am of opinion that good crops will not be produced in more than one-half of the Pacific slope countries. See first paragraph.

June Forecast.—Generally good crop weather in at least two-thirds of North America. Particularly good corn crop weather but too much rain for early harvests in parts of middle and southern states and on southern slopes of the Provinces. Unusually severe storms during weeks centering on June 4 and 24. Temperature averages near normal. A shortage of rain in Europe will attract attention.

## BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

### Mother's Day Observed

Mother's Day was observed at the Center Methodist Church last Sunday evening with a special children's concert. The program was as follows:

- Song Service
- Prayer—Mrs. Jennie Steadman
- Solo—When I Kneel beside my Mother's Knee—Miss Doris Mitchell
- Scripture Reading—Mrs. Jennie Steadman
- Announcements and Address—Mrs. Haire's Ordination—Mrs. Ella Lockwood
- Solo—My Mother's Way—Miss Clark
- Recitation—Welcome, Kathryn Champlin
- Recitation—A Child's Prayer, Mary Banks
- Recitation—My Mother, Vera Littlefield
- Solo—I shall be a Sunbeam for Him, Theresa Allen
- Recitation—A Sick Child's Prayer, Julia Banks
- Recitation—A Cottage Organ, Alice Totten
- Solo—Jesus' Little Ones, Vera Littlefield
- Recitation—Mother's Darling, Gertrude Banks
- Recitation—Mother's Prayer, Mrs. Ella Lockwood
- Solo—Beautiful, Beckoning Hands, Miss Clark
- Dialogue—My Mothers, dialogue by four little girls
- Solo—Louisa Hackley
- Recitation—My Mother's Hymn, Miss Doris Mitchell
- Recitation—A Discontented Boy, Russell Champlin
- Solo—Jesus Bids Us Shine, Vera Littlefield
- Recitation—A Poor Little Lobster—Matilda Perry
- Reading—A Sermon to Preachers, Miss Doris Mitchell
- Recitation—Glinton Grimes
- Vocal Duet—Mothers of the Bible, Miss Clark and Miss Mitchell
- Closing Hymn—Congregation

All Block Island rejoiced last week with the news of Rev. Alice Haire's ordination at Pascoag and her reappointment at Block Island for at least another year. As has been stated throughout the country in nearly all of the important newspapers Mrs. Haire enjoys the distinction of



Ahoy, Skipper!

You would hardly know the old tub in her new coat of U. S. N. Deck Paint.

Sure, it's easy to put on—and can be depended on to dry hard overnight. I bought it on its high seas reputation for unequalled sturdiness—a record established by over thirty years on ships' decks.

Better find out about U.S.N. Deck before you paint anything. I got mine at—

## JOHN ROSE & CO.

Block Island, R. I.

being the first woman in the United States to be ordained a minister in the denomination. A large congregation is expected to attend the welcome services at the Center Church on Sunday evening.

Miss Gladys Steadman, chief operator at the local Telephone Exchange, is enjoying a sojourn with friends in Providence.

Miss Ethel Salisbury, who has spent the past winter in Florida, has arrived on the Island and opened her cottage at Crescent Beach for the season.

**New Rule**  
According to a new ruling of the coastwise steamboat inspectors, all Purser on passenger steamers are required to wear Derby hats. The May Archer of the local Company was the first to fall in line and adopt this new measure.

**Joins Lobster Club**  
A special session of the Lobster Club was held at the Old Harbor dock one day last week and one candidate was initiated, according to Chief Claw Richard Steadman. The rules call for a baptism of either fire or water and it is rumored that the candidate, Dud Mitchell, chose the latter and according to all reports he didn't miss anything but the bucket itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie H. Dodge are spending a week with friends in Providence.

The work on the Surf Hotel, which has been undergoing extensive alterations the past six weeks, is rapidly nearing completion. The broad verandas which entirely surround the hotel make a wonderful addition to the hostelry and greatly improve the appearance of the entire street and corner.

**Feet Are Natural.**  
A baby has the most beautiful foot in the world. It is beautiful because it is natural. The shape of the bones have not been warped by ugly, ill-fitting, cramping and distorting shoes.

**Swedish Love of Flowers.**  
Swedish women of all classes are particularly fond of flowers, and in proportion to its size and population, Stockholm has more flower shops than any other European city.

**VAN RENSSLAER LODGE**  
The annual meeting of Van Rensselaer Lodge of Perfection of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction was held in Masonic Temple on Tuesday evening, Ill. George H. Holmes, Deputy for Rhode Island, accompanied by Arthur G. Newell of Pawtucket and Truman Beckwith of Providence, was present to preside over the election and install the officers. Previous to the business session a dinner was enjoyed at the Mifflintown Club, at which there was a large attendance. The new officers of the Lodge are as follows:

- Trice Potent Master—Donald E. Spears.
  - Deputy Master—Alvah H. Sanborn.
  - Senior Warden—F. Jefferson Blosel.
  - Junior Warden—Benjamin F. Downing, 3d.
  - Orator—Dudley P. Bacheller.
  - Treasurer—Karl Rostel.
  - Secretary—Alexander J. MacIver.
  - Master of Ceremonies—Chester Stants.
  - Hospitaler—William A. Perkins.
  - Captain of Guard—W. Douglas Hazard.
  - Tyler—John F. Titus.
- Following the installation the rotating Master was presented with a handsome jewel emblematic of his rank, the presentation being made by Trice Potent Master Donald E. Spears. Mr. Livesey responded in an eloquent address.

## IMPORTANT MEETING OF GRAND COMMANDERY, K. T.

The one hundred and sixteenth semi-annual convocation of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island will be held in Providence on Wednesday, May 31st. On the same day the new Commandery of Knights Templars, to be known as the Thomas Smith Webb Commandery, No. 52, will be instituted in that city by the Grand Commander, Henry C. Dexter, assisted by the officers of the Grand Commandery. This will make the third Commandery in Providence, the seventh in the state and the 52nd in the grand jurisdiction of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The name is in honor of one of the founders of the Order in this country and the First Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. This body was organized in 1805, and Thomas Smith Webb was at the head of the organization from that date till 1818. He was also very prominent in Masonry in this state, as well as in public affairs generally, for many years. The Order which he founded in 1805 now numbers in these two states nearly 25,000 members, and throughout the United States nearly 400,000.

## JURORS SUMMONED

City Sergeant Miller has notified the following candidates for jury duty to report for the June session of the Superior Court which will come in on Monday, June 5:

- Grand—William H. Helger, painter; William Andrews, Jr., manager; Timothy J. Cotter, foreman; T. Jefferson Biesel, merchant; Berger M. Boreason; George F. Nolan, clerk; George H. Sommer, clerk; James J. Horgan, clerk; George M. Goddard, bookkeeper; Raffaele Ardito, painter; Charles H. Graff, insurance; Mevra L. Pierce, mason; Theodore C. Zerega, helper.
- Petit—John J. Burke, gardener; David Lawless, driver; John M. Lynch, gardener; Daniel J. Sullivan, driver; Charles E. Clarke; Benjamin Crowell, carpenter; Oscar J. Peckham, agent; William D. Leary, driver; John Riley, laborer; Paul Loxito, barber; Bartholomew Fogarty, electrician; Jeremiah J. Sullivan; Charles W. Harvey, driver; Franklin G. Howard, chauffeur; John F. West, gas fitter; Florence C. Sullivan, gardener; Antonio Sarni; John Brennan, driver; Armstead Hurley, Jr., painter; Robert F. Tennant, clerk; Alexander M. Holm, carpenter; Abraham Hurley, laborer.

## BIRTH OF NANAWEEHAH

Miantonomah on the shore Of Weenat Shassat dwelt In summer where he gathered store Of fish, and dried the pelt Of animals he killed for food, And there he planted corn And beans, for succotash was good After a busy morn.

'Twas there he took his Indian bride And shared the happy hours Of honeymoon that swelled the tide Of love among the bowers; Another summer sun to smile On Nanaweeha, born Where gentle zephyrs came to while Away the time at morn.

In winter from the storm they came To shelter of the hill That bears the glory of his name, Miantonomah, still; Where sing as sweet the birds today As when this Indian maid Romped up and down its slides in play, And hid deep in the shade.

There Nanaweeha learned to love The birds that sweetly sang Among the branches high above, And oft the forest rang With music of her voice, and trilled Her tongue to imitate The downy songsters as they billed And cooed away a tale.

Though many years have passed away Since Nanaweeha born, And Weenat Shassat in the bay No wigwags now adorn, The birds as sweet upon the hill Sing out their roundelay, And echoes Nanaweeha's trill In dell and glade today.

M. F. Shea.  
**Why He's Down.**  
A man may be down, but he's never in. And if he's a professional man who needs patrons that's why he's down.



## HARRY A. BALDWIN

New Delegate to Congress From Hawaii



Harry A. Baldwin is the successor of the late Prince Kalanikouale as delegate in Congress from Hawaii.

U. S. TO PRESS  
BIG FRAUD CASES

Daugherty to Speed Prosecution of Two War Suits "of First Magnitude."

Washington.—Two criminal cases of the "first magnitude" in connection with war contracts are ready for prompt submission to the courts, Attorney General Daugherty told the house in a letter transmitted to the Capitol by President Harding.

One of those cases, the attorney general said, "is nation wide in scope," involving besides the principals, "a great many others who have been lurking in the shadows." Indictments against principals and groups of individuals in other parts of the country may be expected to follow, he asserted.

A third such case will be ready for presentation shortly, after which others now in course of preparation will continue throughout the summer, Mr. Daugherty promised Congress. More than 200 war cases, most of which are civil claims without the element of fraud are being prepared by the Department of Justice, he said. He estimated the possible aggregate recoveries at \$100,000,000, adding that the War Department with the assistance of the Department of Justice, already had recovered millions of dollars "from those who were overpaid or who knowingly overcharged their government."

Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Johnson plainly indicated they were not satisfied with the attorney general's explanation in debate which followed the reading of the letter. The discussion centered about Democratic innuendoes that the letter was written to stifle the proposed investigation. Representative Garrett, Democratic floor leader, facing Representative Mondell asked: "Is this the end of the chapter? We are ready to support the Woodruff resolution. No Democratic administration ever backed away from an investigation. Will yours?"

Mr. Mondell answered: "That will be told at the proper time in the proper manner."

Stressing the need for increased appropriations for the Department of Justice, the attorney general said the work could be greatly accelerated by granting the special appropriation of \$500,000 asked to maintain the investigation force.

WORLD'S NEWS IN  
CONDENSED FORM

GENOA.—Russia has submitted a satisfactory reply to the allies.

PARIS.—French newspaper accuses Germans and Russians of signing military agreement.

PLYMOUTH, England.—W. W. Masterson, United States consul here, died from an attack of appendicitis.

SHANGHAI.—Ten thousand inhabitants of Chung Chow were slaughtered before the insurrection against Wu Pei fu was crushed. The rebellion had its foundation in a neo-manner, who told General Chao Chieh that stars of destiny pointed to Chao Chieh sitting on the Chinese throne.

LONDON.—Carpenter knocks out Ted ("Kid") Lewis in first round.

LONDON.—The bitter feud between Lord Northcliffe and the British government, which has reached such a pitch that it has given rise to questions to the House of Commons, was ascribed by the publisher to his refusal to join Lloyd George's cabinet during the war.

PARIS.—The Council of Ambassadors has decided that Germany must reimburse the United States to the extent of 3,000,000 gold marks (about \$750,000) for one Zeppelin not delivered in compliance with the Treaty of Versailles.

GENOA.—The Belgian and French delegations have reached an agreement on the formula which is to go as a postscript to the Russians.

LONDON.—"Our note will demand a loan of a billion dollars, either in money or in goods," George Tchitcherine, head of the Russian delegation to the economic conference, is reported to have said to the correspondent in Genoa of the Daily Herald.

NEW YORK.—The Santa Maria, fastest flying merchantman in the United States, arrived from Havana, making the trip in 17 hours 30 minutes actual flying time.

Liquor smuggling from the Province of Quebec into Vermont is on the increase and the inflow this summer will be great unless the maximum sentence is imposed on every smuggler caught, the Rev. Clement G. Clarke head of the Vermont Anti-Saloon League, told delegates to the state Congressional conference.

BETHLEHEM TO  
BUY LACKAWANNA

Merger of Two of the Largest Steel Independents Is Officially Announced.

DEAL INVOLVES \$60,000,000

Purchase Gives Bethlehem a Rail Supply for Lake States and New England—Six Other Independent Companies to Consolidate.

New York.—The Bethlehem Steel Corporation will acquire by purchase the properties of the Lackawanna Steel Company, thus uniting under a single management two of the largest independent producers of iron and steel in the United States. Formal announcement that such a merger would take place in the immediate future was made by Eugene G. Grace for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and Moses Taylor for the Lackawanna Steel Company.

"The announcement, entirely unexpected in the financial district, was a surprise to independent steel makers, and especially to the other independents who had been counting upon both Lackawanna and Bethlehem as probable component parts of the 'seven company combination.' In Wall street it was not generally known that such a merger would take place until fifteen minutes before the market closed, but the stock of both corporations responded vigorously to the developments.

Directors of both the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Lackawanna Steel Company will meet to settle the final details of the deal. It is said, however, that all matters pertaining to the consolidation have been agreed upon, but that these could not be made public until formal action is taken by the officials of both companies. At the same time conferences will begin at the offices of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. regarding the proposed merger of the seven independent companies, to which it was expected the Lackawanna Steel Company would take part.

In announcing the Bethlehem-Lackawanna merger the following formal statement was issued at the office of the former company:

"E. G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company; Moses Taylor, chairman of the board of directors of the Lackawanna Steel Company, and the committee appointed by it to deal with the matter, announced that they had reached an agreement as to the terms to recommend to their respective boards of directors and stockholders for the purchase by Bethlehem of the Lackawanna properties.

"The transaction involves the use of Bethlehem 7 per cent preferred and Class B common stocks in payment for the properties.

"The details are being prepared for prompt presentation to the stockholders of the respective companies."

"As all the authorized capital stock of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, except \$30,000,000 Class B common, reserved for conversion of the 8 per cent preferred, is outstanding, it will be necessary for the stockholders of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation to authorize additional capital stock to carry out the Lackawanna deal.

Should there be any need for underwriting new securities, it is understood that this will be done by the Guaranty Trust Company and the Bankers' Trust Company, bankers for the Bethlehem.

Mr. Grace said that negotiations leading to the taking over of Lackawanna started last December, when officials of his company inspected the Lackawanna plants and the Lackawanna officials inspected the Bethlehem plants. He pointed out that the acquisition of the Lackawanna not only would give the Bethlehem a gateway to the markets in New England and the eastern states, but it "also fits in nicely with the plans that Bethlehem has for the future."

The Lackawanna acquisition, he said, gives the Bethlehem additional capacity for commercial bars, which the company "would have had to spend money to develop at Sparrows Point." It also gives the Bethlehem an opportunity to extend its operations, as the Lackawanna will supply the New England and lake states with steel rails.

## DIVORCES "GOLF MANIAC"

Mrs. Lee Gets Decree After Telling His Preference for Game.

Detroit.—Mrs. Helen Bourne Joy Lee, daughter of Henry B. Joy, was granted a decree of divorce from Howard E. Lee by Judge Moynihan. Mrs. Lee says her husband was a "golf maniac."

Lee withdrew his cross bill before the case came to trial and did not contest his wife's petition. She got the custody of their three children. She did not ask for alimony.

## U. S. AND BRITAIN AGREE

Division of World Oil Supply Outside Russia Is Decided.

London.—Great Britain and the United States have reached a complete agreement covering the control and division of the world's oil supply outside of Russia. This was officially confirmed here.

The agreement has been made on a basis satisfactory to all interests concerned and covers the middle east sections of Europe as well as those of South America.

Addressing a meeting of the Lawrent Rotary Club, Edward J. Cattell, city statistician of Philadelphia, predicted a great era of prosperity in the United States for the near future. He stated that underlying business conditions are sound, despite the present depression and that much prosperity lies ahead.

## DR. F. H. BEATJER

Pioneer in X-Ray Experiments to Cure Disease



Dr. F. H. Beatjer, for 20 years chief of the X-ray department of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, is one of the pioneers in X-ray experimenting for the cure of diseases, and it was during his first experiments that his hands were badly burned, causing the loss of several fingers.

STUDENT KILLS  
ANOTHER AT COLLEGE

Shoots Classmate Who at Point of Pistol Demanded Apology for Insult to Wife.

Stillwater, Okla.—Beckman Cobb, twenty-three, Federal student at the Oklahoma College here, was shot and killed just outside the campus by Earl Gordon, twenty-five, another Federal student, while escorting the latter home at the point of a revolver to demand an apology to his pretty young wife for an alleged insult offered by Gordon. Both Cobb and Gordon served in the army during the war. Cobb was overseas.

Gordon is being held in jail pending an investigation, but no charges had been filed against him.

Bertie Sue Cobb, eighteen-year-old wife of Cobb, declared that several nights ago Gordon met her on the street and insulted her.

Recently, she said, Gordon followed her into a motion picture house and seated himself beside her. She immediately left, she said.

The story of the killing was told by Alvin Cannon, Federal student, a friend of both men.

Cannon said he came out of the chapel at noon and met Cobb and Gordon talking.

Gordon asked Cannon to go to his room, according to Cannon. Cobb walked with them. As they left the campus, according to Cannon, Cobb said to Gordon:

"Are you going down there with me?"

"No, I don't think I am," Gordon replied, Cannon said.

Cobb drew a revolver, Cannon said, and remarked:

"I guess you will." "Put up your gun; I'll go along."

Cannon declared he then said: "Well, that lets me out if there is to be gunplay." Cannon turned and walked away, he said.

LATEST EVENTS  
AT WASHINGTON

An inventory of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is said to vindicate the discharged bureau chief and his aids of any dishonesty or charges reflecting on their integrity and to prove there is no wide circulation of duplicate Liberty bonds.

Representatives Woodruff (Mich.) and Johnson (S. D.), despite Attorney General Daugherty's explanation of his intent to prosecute alleged war contract frauds, insisted to Republican leaders upon action on their resolution demanding an investigation of department of justice inactivity.

The house passed the Fordney resolution authorizing a loan of \$5,000,000 to Liberia, by a margin of only nine votes. The vote was 148 to 139. The resolution now goes to the senate for approval.

Republicans of the senate in a determined effort to speed up progress on the tariff bill forced the first night session, but little action developed. All Democratic efforts to reduce rates failed.

The Department of Agriculture announced a plan for the operating of new rules to govern licensed grain inspectors.

Senator Walsh (Mass.) introduced a bill to legalize boxing and wrestling in the nation's capital.

Senate action on the soldier bonus was held up pending a communication from President Harding, who said his mind and heart on the subject have undergone no change. He opposed the pending bill.

The cabinet discussed the Genoa conference and Russia. It was hoped the conference will succeed and that the policy toward Russia will not deviate from the basic principle enunciated by this government in the policy toward the Soviet.

Miss Louise Krawczyk and Charles Gralowski of Wagonsocket, and Tony Chmura, all of Wagonsocket, R. I. were arraigned at Uxbridge on complaint of Steve Murak of Uxbridge, that he paid \$250 for a wife he did not get. Murak said he paid Chmura, whom he charges with larceny, the money for courting and wedding expenses.

200 JAILED IN  
BOMB WAR

Chicago Police Head Declares He Will Meet Enemies Shot for Shot in Finish Fight.

BOOKS AND PAPERS SEIZED

Labor Chiefs Seized in Raid on Union Offices—\$25,000 Reward for Slayers of Two Policemen—Arsenal Discovered in Worker's Safe.

Chicago.—More than 200 labor leaders, including "Big Tim" Murphy, called Chicago's labor "czar," Cornelius Shea, former head of a teamsters' strike, and Fred ("Frenchy") Mader, president of the Building Trades Council, were arrested in raids following the bombing of several buildings and the slaying of two policemen as the climax of outbreaks attributed by the police to the war in the building trades.

Charles C. Fitzmorris, chief of police, denounced some of the labor leaders as being "just as guilty of the murder of the two policemen as were the anarchists of the Haymarket riots." He called a number of them "hoodlums and ex-convicts."

Not since the Haymarket riots has the city been so aroused as by the new series of outrages declared to have been carried out by members of labor unions opposed to the Landis wage award. Citizens and police accepted the challenge of the gunmen and bombers responsible for the campaign of terror and approximately \$50,000 was subscribed to a fund to run down the slayers, with the prospect that the amount would reach \$100,000.

Besides the killing of the two policemen, another was shot; a large glazing plant, the Heneberry Printing Company's establishment and several other concerns were bombed in a series of attacks said to have grown out of resentment by the glaziers' and other unions at being declared "open shop" trades. The two assassinations culminated in a spectacular chase through West Side streets, which ended in the escape of the slayers. The victims were Lieutenant Terence Lyons and Patrolman Thomas Clark.

The big batch of suspects were taken into custody in raids on union headquarters which continued throughout the day. Safes in these headquarters were broken open and records and papers seized.

Co-operating for the first time since their disagreement last fall, State's Attorney Crowe and Chief Fitzmorris flung their full forces into the joint drive to sweep the city clear of this type of crime. Appeals to the people of Chicago to stand behind the forces of law and order were issued by Edwin H. Sims, president of the Chicago Crime Commission, and by the Citizens' Committee to enforce the Landis award.

The Citizens' Committee backed its appeal with the offer of \$40,000 reward for the capture of the four gunmen who killed the two policemen and wounded Policemen Joseph F. Moeller.

State's Attorney Crowe and Chief Fitzmorris jointly offered another reward of \$5,000, and the Chicago Tribune offered a like amount. Christian F. Wiebe, president of the West Park Board, announced a reward of \$2,500, stating that this amount probably would be raised to \$5,000 when the board met.

Murphy, Shea, Mader and more than thirty others were arrested in a raid on the office of the Chicago Building Trades Council at 154 West Randolph street. About sixty more were rounded up in "Big Tim" Murphy's headquarters and the Chicago Musicians' Club at 154 West Washington street.

In Mader's safe were found three revolvers, more than 100 rounds of ammunition and a quantity of fuses and caps, such as are used in touching off bombs. A revolver and seven feet of fuse were taken from Murphy's safe.

Following these two raids, detectives invaded the headquarters of the "Glaziers' and Marble Cutters' Unions in the Heurst building, and two more wagon loads of prisoners were herded in the basement of the detective bureau.

Major George C. Webber of Auburn, Me., general chairman of the joint committee in charge of arrangements for Lewiston and Auburn posts announced that the state convention of the Maine department of the American Legion will be held in these cities Sept. 5, 6, and 7.

TROUBLED WITH  
PIMPLES ON FACE

Hard, Large and Red. Itched and Burned. Cuticura Healed.

"I was troubled with pimples and blackheads on my face. The pimples were hard, large and red, and itched and burned causing me to scratch and irritate my face. My face looked awful."

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment which helped me so I purchased more, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Mary Silva, 17 Daly St., Lowell, Mass., Sept. 14, 1921.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else fails.

Incorporated 1819

## The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

INTEREST 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

## IT IS AN IMPORTANT DUTY

to provide for the welfare of yourself and family.

An account with The Industrial Trust Company gives the incentive to accumulate money.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST  
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE OF THE PREMIERE

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS  
Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY  
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETSAD Order...  
Promptly  
Attended to  
CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY  
TELEPHONE CONNECTION  
AD Goods...  
are Pure  
AbsolutelyPARAGRAPHS FOR  
THE NEW ENGLANDER  
News of General Interest  
From the Six States

The British Cruiser Constance was greeted with a salute of guns from the old frigate Constitution, when the former vessel arrived at the Boston Navy Yard for a visit to this port.

Jerusalem Lodge of Masons Northampton, Mass., will celebrate its 125th anniversary with a banquet Thursday evening June 1.

A class of 133 candidates received degrees at the annual gathering of Maine Scottish rite Masons in Augusta. Conferring of degrees took place in the afternoon and early evening.

The Sam C. Mason Inc., of Lynn, Mass., has opened a last factory at Auburn, Me. The firm does not manufacture lasts but remodels old lasts and is the only concern of its kind in the state.

Rev. Walter Thorpe of Brandon Vt. was elected president of the Vermont Congregational Conference for the ensuing year at the 127th annual conference at Springfield. He succeeds Frank L. Fish of Vergennes.

The resignation of Collins M. Graves as federal prohibition director for Vermont is announced tonight by Acting Prohibition Commissioner Jones. Mr. Graves it is said, has asked to be relieved of duty about June 10, in order to practise law.

Two little boys Joseph Martin, 4, and his brother George 3, of Taunton Mass., have confessed to setting the fire that destroyed George B. White's house and barn, according to State Detective George O. Mansfield and Fire Chief S. A. Leonard, who have talked with them. The children were playing in the barn, and according to Mr. White, they came to his house a short time before he discovered the fire and asked for some water. He told them to run home and get the water there. Shortly he went out and hearing a crackling noise went to the barn which he found was a mass of flames.

Josior Porman, son of Dr. and Mrs. John G. Porman of Worcester, Mass. has received word from the War Department that his appointment to West Point Military Academy has been accepted. He will enter the academy July 1. He attended the Army and Navy preparatory school at Washington in 1921, and this year is a student at Marion Institute in Alabama.

"If religion is taught in the schools a conflict of denominations cannot be avoided, I believe for this reason that there is no hope that the public schools can ever participate in the teaching of religion or morality as resting on religious sanctions," Dr. Payson Smith, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education said at the banquet which was one of the features at the State Congregational conference, Bangor, Me.

Allen M. Fletcher of Cavendish, ex-Governor of Vermont, was found dead in a room at the Berwick Hotel, Rutland. Death was declared due to a cerebral hemorrhage. Mr. Fletcher was one of Vermont's richest men, largely because of his real estate holdings in Indianapolis. He had presided as chairman of a board of judges at a prize-speaking contest at Middlebury College during the evening.

## METHODISTS FOR UNION

Dr. Downey Tells Southern Body "Any Plan" Will Do.

Hot Springs, Ark.—The conviction of the Methodist Episcopal Church that it and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, should be reunited, was announced by Rev. Dr. David C. Downey of New York city, book editor of the M. E. Church, representing the 3,500,000 members of his denomination, at the central conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in session here.

## \*ACCUSE SEATTLE DRYS

Charge That Denoues Are Paid There for Conviction of Wets.

Seattle.—Federal Judge Jeremiah Neterer abruptly halted a trial in Federal Court here to direct that a grand jury investigation be made of charges that city, county and Federal officials are paying a bonus for conviction under the prohibition laws.

The charges were made by A. Franzen, an agent for the county prosecuting attorney here, during the trial of a druggist.

# St. Valentine Victorious

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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"I've been reading mob psychology," began Peggy, with her wisest expression, "and I've just decided that I will not follow the impulses of the crowd any longer. I hate to be just a sheep!"

Tom Walker looked at her patiently. "So you're in one of those high-brow moods, are you, this morning, Peggy?"

"Not at all, Tom Walker," retorted Peggy, her thin little chin in air. "And, besides, do you know what some one says a highbrow is?"

Tom pleaded ignorance. "A man educated beyond his intelligence. And do you mean to say that I am that?"

Tom shook his head. "Oh, no—dear me, no, Peggy. Your intelligence surpasses anything possible in the way of education."

Peggy smiled and was somewhat mollified. "But your remark must have been apropos of some thought, Peggy. What was it?"

"Oh—engagement rings and Christmas presents and perfunctory kisses and all the things every one is addicted to. I hate to do things that every one else is doing. Do you observe that I am exposing my ears shamefully? Well, that isn't being done, is it?"

Tom looked at the pluck ear and was glad it was not covered. "Still, I think you have not told me the concrete thought that prompted your remark. You are still beating about the bush. Out with it, Peggy."

"I was thinking of valentines and of how every one—every lover and every child and every sentimental person in the world—will be sending a valentine to some one. And I was



"Cold—Awfully Cold, Peggy."

hoping no one would send me one," she added, looking at him quizzically.

Tom laughed. "Well, don't worry, Peggy. I shall deal. I shall not send you a lace-paper heart with a love verse within. I shall not send you a bunch of violets with my heart tied to the box. Don't worry. You shall not be of the mob this time."

Now, way deep in her heart, far deeper down than had penetrated this far for the study of psychology of crowds, Peggy was sentimental. She had always received valentines. She had looked eagerly for the postman in the morning of February 14. Now, it came to her suddenly, that though she had risen for above being so foolish as to have to receive a token on this St. Valentine's day, it always did seem pleasant to open heart-shaped boxes of candy and pretty bunches of flowers.

The day dawned crisply and the postman did not so much as look at the mail box at the garden gate. Peggy did see him coming, and though she assumed a careless, indifferent air, she did observe his passing her box without so much as a look. Every time the bell rang she thought it might be the florist, though she did not admit this to herself. Evening found her a little blue. She had not even had a telephone message from Tom. It was the first Valentine's day in her life on which she had not received some sort of gift.

When Tom arrived she admitted him with her usual cheery smile, but in her hand she held, open as if she had been studying, a volume of Dr. Le Bon's psychology.

"You're lucky to be sitting by a comfy fire and not have to go out to some silly party or other the way every one else is tonight," said Tom as he put down his coat and hat.

That was another of Peggy's innermost grievances today. Tom had asked her to go to the valentine hop at the club. Every one was going and the girls had all been discussing their frocks—and their beauty. Peggy had just lain aloof and seemed bored.

"It is a good night to stay in, Tom," she said, not too convincingly, the words came thought. Without the aid of his hand she was able, considerably accurately, to analyze Peggy's moods.

An unusual silence had fallen between the two. The logs crackled on the hearth. The wind whistled about the casement windows. The big clock ticked.

"I see you are still enjoying your studies, Peggy," Tom observed after a bit.

"Oh, I'm just crazy about it. I am thinking of going to Doctor Burton to have him tell me what I am best suited for in the world. He is a marvelous psychologist and can tell at a glance what you are suited for in the world," Peggy said, her eyes beginning to dance.

"I can tell you with my eyes shut," Tom ventured.

"Oh—Tom, you are always so frivolous. I know what you think all women are best suited for. But I am an individual. I will not be herded with the masses and restricted by my sex!"

"Heart! Heart!" mocked Tom. Peggy did not seem to have her usual spontaneous enthusiasm for the subject in hand. Tom said it.

"These flowers a valentine?" he asked, glancing at a bowl of roses on a table in a far corner of the room.

"Indeed not. Mother's friend, Mrs. Armstrong, had a party this afternoon and gave another a bunch of the doral decorations to bring home with her. There was a touch of asperity in Peggy's tone at the mention of valentines.

"Oh, of course, I forgot for the moment that you could not accept anything so common as a valentine. I'm sorry."

"Tom you annoy me with your sarcasm," Peggy told him, pouting.

Tom arose and deliberately sat down close beside her on the great couch. "And you amuse me by your effort to be an individualist all of a sudden, Peggy."

Peggy moved a little away from him. "Oh, I amuse you, do I?"

Tom followed her. He took her hand in his. "Yes, you amuse me. You interest me—you make me adore you and love you beyond my power to keep it from you any longer, Peggy." He held her hand and compelled her to look at him.

Her eyes dropped under his determined expression. "I was about to buy you a ring and put it on your finger when you said such slighting remarks about girls who all wore engagement rings like so many sheep," he said.

"Oh, Tom," Peggy whispered, "I didn't mean to—hurt you."

He drew from his pocket a leather box. He let go of her hand to open the box. There, shining on a white satin background, was a wonderfully beautiful platinum heart with diamonds studded about it.

"It is a locket—it is my heart—it is a valentine—an engagement token—anything you like to call it that won't interfere with your being an individualist, Peggy," he said, handing it to her.

Peggy could not speak. She put her head down on his shoulder, and it remained there, for some moments.

"I—I think I'll call it a valentine, Tom. I've been so heart-sick all day because it was the first time in my life that I had not received so much as a lace-paper heart. And—and I did want to go to the dance, Tom."

"Well, go, dear, as soon as you tell me you'll marry me and be my own girl," Tom insisted.

"It's late, so I better tell you now, Tom," she said.

## MEANS WORK FOR SCIENTISTS

Rock Writing Found In 'One of the Hawaiian Islands Stands Ready for Deciphering.

On the little island of Lanai, one of the smallest in the Hawaiian group, Kenneth P. Emory, assistant ethnologist of Bishop museum, discovered a Hawaiian canoe that must be at least 150 years old. It was in good preservation and it is the first Hawaiian canoe found that did not contain nails. It was held together with wooden spikes. Emory declares that Lanai is rich in rock writing and that he is now seeking the cipher to the numerous pictorial groups which he has found in the lava surfaces on the islands.

"The figures are mostly human," he said, "with some humans mounted on horses. There are also animal figures which are not easy to identify. There are bird men with beaks on their heads, having human bodies. Hands and fingers are seldom drawn, but wherever fingers are drawn only three are shown."

## When Vapor Is Dry.

There seems to be a popular misconception in the supposition that aqueous vapor and ice are wet. They are in themselves dry, so it has been pointed out by competent investigators, and become wet only when they turn to water. So dry is aqueous vapor, it seems that it will dry any moist object with which it comes in contact. Superheated steam, before it condenses, is a dry gas. Ice feels wet if the temperature of the hand is sufficient to melt it; as ice it is dry. Another misconception is that the air can be either dry or moist. It is condensed aqueous vapor in the air that is moist, and it would be moist if there were no air. A given quantity of aqueous vapor confined in a given space will be wet or dry, according to the temperature. At 32 degrees, for instance, it might be partially condensed, and consequently wet, while at 70 degrees, owing to expansion, it would be dry.

## Cannot Understand It.

Unconsciousness is one thing; selfishness never takes to be able to understand.

## Business First, as It Were.

The world is so full of folks that you have got to dig to excel. There's not much hope for the chap that wants to rest on every other corner. There's too much to do to take the rest cure before you really need it. It's a habit that puts petticoats where pants ought to be. If you're ever going to get up in the world you'll have to reach the top by "keeping on going."—Orin.

## Yes, That's the Rub.

"It's our duty," said Uncle Eben, "to love our fellow men. But in order to do so you've got to be terrible forgiving."

# EUROPE REDEEMS PRINTED MONEY

Hoarded Stocks of Gold and Currency Make Appearance as Exchange Falls.

## MOST VEXED WAR PROBLEM

European Countries Flooded With Cheap Money When Emergency of War Compelled Abandonment of Gold Standard.

Washington.—Students of international finance and economics are aware of a new development in connection with the depreciated currencies of Europe. These currencies have constituted one of the most vexed problems brought on by the war.

The need for greatly increased sums of money, brought about by the war cost, was met by most of the nations by the issue of paper currency without relation to gold reserve. In normal times the paper currency of a nation has a definite gold reserve, generally about 40 per cent. The emergency of war caused the abandonment of this reserve by all belligerent nations excepting the United States, because the national treasuries of these nations lacked adequate gold to maintain the reserve ratio. In the United States the treasury and the federal reserve banks discouraged use of gold and gold certificates for general circulation and accumulated the greatest stock of gold ever assembled in the history of the world. It was withdrawn gradually from circulation and piled up in the treasury and the vaults of the federal reserve banks.

An inevitable result of this policy was that during the war and following the armistice the European printing presses, being definitely cut loose from the retarding element of a gold reserve, kept on running at high speed, turning out reams of paper money which went into circulation. It is a natural rule that the increase of the supply of anything makes it cheaper. This is as true of money as of coal or potatoes. The result was that this plentiful supply of paper money made money cheap. In other words, people who had consumable goods to sell would not exchange them for as small a quantity of the cheap money as of the old-fashioned money, backed by gold. This meant that prices rose. The United States experienced inflation of currency but of a milder character. The gold standard was not abandoned here. Prices rose in this country 100 or 200 per cent in some cases, but in Europe they rose thousands of per cent.

## Exchange Hurts Europe.

A further result was that European money, being cheaper and more plentiful than American money, foreign exchange became unfavorable to Europe. That is, European money would not buy as much here as American money would buy in Europe. There is a law of economics known as Gresham's law, which lays down the rule that where two kinds of money are in circulation and one is much inferior in value to the other, the more valuable type will retire. People who have it, believing it to be of greater value and therefore more worth keeping, will hoard it away. This was done to a great extent all over Europe. As the inflation progressed, people who had gold pieces or silver money or paper money of nations in better financial shape than their own hid this wealth away and used the more plentiful cheap paper currency.

The extent to which European inflation has gone is notorious. The European news cables every day say something of the difficulties being experienced as a result of the inflation. The Russian ruble and the German mark are favorite comic picture and vaudeville theater jokes because they have become so cheap. It now costs more than 100,000 rubles to buy a meal in Russia.

The German mark, which in normal times was worth at what is called the par of exchange, nearly a quarter in American money now is so cheapened that you can buy three marks for an American penny. The Austrian crown has been as cheap as 3,000 for \$1. A \$10 bill of American money in Russia would exchange for enough rubles to make what would have been a Russian fortune before the war.

Trade, especially international trade, has become very difficult under these conditions. The problem of restoring these currencies to something like normal value has perplexed European financiers and economists ever since the inflation started. It is one of the big questions before the Genoa conference which has been called to solve European economic and political problems. The United States declined an invitation to this conference, partly because of the danger of becoming involved in so unstable a condition of affairs as that created by the cheap currencies.

Development Surprises Experts. Now, the new development which has surprised economists in connection with this situation is the discovery that there is a tendency on the part of Europeans to bring about a hitherto undreamed of method of correcting the inflation. Many plans have been suggested but none has been found practical. The new development is one which, if it continues, will tend to correct the situation without the aid of conferences or politicians.

The development is hailed as a reversal of Gresham's law. The fact seems to be that the people of Russia, Germany and Poland and some of the other nations having badly depreciated currencies have become so disgusted with the nuisance of dealing with cheap money that they are bringing out of hiding their hoards of gold and other valuable money. A case illustrating this new development recently was reported by a British trading firm. This firm sold a bill of goods

to a Russian dealer at Rostov. Payment was received in a miscellaneous assortment of cash. It consisted of American gold, checks drawn on American banks, American bills of exchange, English currency and checks, Turkish gold and checks and notes, French currency and checks and Russian gold rubles. Obviously, with the exception of the checks, this payment was made from good money which doubtless had been hoarded since the war.

Agents of the American relief administration in Russia have reported similar instances of people bringing out gold and other metal money. The same is true in Poland, Germany and Austria.

## Currency Revolution Seen.

What economists see in this development is the possibility of a gradual revolution in European currencies. For instance, the Russians have discovered that their own rubles are nearly useless but that they can get big value for British or American or other good money. Consequently they will try to get hold of as much of this foreign money as possible.

In early days in Europe this same phenomenon occurred. Money issued at the great banking centers of Venice, Antwerp and a few other cities came into general use all over Europe, displacing cheaper native currencies because everybody knew it was good money.

Recently, the United States treasury removed the ban from the free issue of gold and gold certificates. It is thought possible by economists and students of international finance that a good deal of this gold money, known all over the world as being obtainable, will reach the countries abroad having depreciated currency and become popular as a valuable medium of exchange. This has not been possible until the last few days because the treasury and the federal reserve banks would not let gold go into general circulation, but now it is possible for foreign-born Americans to get this money and send it to their relatives abroad.

It is recognized that this process of substitution of foreign money for the depreciated native currencies would be slow, but some economists believe that it is a possible but necessary slow solution to the European emergency problem.

## MAKING OVER OLD HOUSES

Mills of the Northwest Report an Increasing Demand for Inside Trimmings.

Seattle, Wash.—An era of remodeling old houses runs across the entire country, according to Northwest lumbermen.

Following the building shortages of late years has come an appreciation that any house, old or new, has untold possibilities of alterations. Architects have been called upon to produce instances of "before and after" of ramshackle, barn-like structures made over into charming homes. Old barns have been rebuilt into studios, sheds and warehouses into residences of taste.

There is an enormous demand on the Northwest planing mills for moldings, trimmings, shingles, sills, inside, finishing lumber and fancy grained fir, hemlock or cedar, for cabinet work.

Lumbermen declare this demand has come from the alteration wave over the nation, repairing and adding built-in features.

## COPS FIND GUN CHECKROOM

Discover Station Where the Gunmen of New York Park Their Artillery.

New York.—The checking business, which has made rapid strides with the opening of checkrooms for babies and parking stations for flappers' cars, has been broadened again.

The police announced here that they had discovered a checking station for pistols, where members of the underworld may park their artillery when they have a few hours of leisure.

Most of the city's gun wielders apparently were on the crime path, however, as the parking station had only two pistols on its shelves.

## Hen Lays Daily on Kitchen Table

York, Pa.—A Plymouth Rock hen, owned by Charles F. Laucks of Red Lion, delivers an egg each day on the kitchen table with more grace and intelligence than the ordinary huckster.

The fowl found the kitchen door ajar one morning, slipped in, flew upon the table and scratching together several pieces of paper, deposited a clean white egg, ready for use. Since her first effort the door has been left open, but when Mrs. Laucks forgets to do so, the pet catches for admission. The hen has been so regular that a small cushion has been placed on the table, and each day she comes in and deposits an egg.

## Recipe Supplied.

Correspondent inquires if we will kindly print a recipe for trapped peach. We will. Buy theater tickets, candy and flowers for another peach and let the one to be trapped hear about it. —Boston Transcript.

## On State Occasions.

One day we had the minister for dinner. I had just finished the blessing when my son turned to the minister and said, "Daddy prays every time you eat here."—Chicago Tribune.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

# DREAD BAD SPIRIT

Patagonia Indians Have Peculiar "Religious" Belief.

Idea Growing Always More Powerful Has Caused the Tribe to Become Devil Worshipers.

A traveler, signing himself "H. H. P.," who has been journeying in Patagonia, at the extremity of South America, tells the following, peculiar story, observes the Montreal Family Herald.

It is the hour before sunrise on the pampas. To all sides stretch the waving steppes of coarse grass. In the center of the scene are five Indians, the skin dwellings of the nomadic Tehuelche Indians of Patagonia, the tallest race on earth, pitched not far from the slow-flowing stream.

As the light strengthens, and almost at the same moment, from each tent there issues an Indian, bearing in his hand a newly lighted torch. He dashes with screams and shouts to the back of his tent, waving the torch and making as if he would drive somebody away.

And the "somebody" whom he is attempting to drive away is the Guallichu, the spirit of evil.

Of course, the interesting thing is to consider how such a custom arose. The Tehuelche religion is quite simple. There is a good spirit and a bad spirit. The good spirit made all the meat and fat-bearing animals for the food of his people, but having made this effort he turned over in the great cave where he lives in the mountains and slept.

But the Guallichu was of a different temperament—he stayed awake and he set all the evil animals to plague the Indians.

Thus far we can trace no belief. Beyond that it is a more serious matter. More and more terrible grew the stories that were told of the Guallichu's power and more, and more did he gain ascendancy over the lives of the more imaginative Indians, until at last, they became devil worshippers, and their whole lives were made up of an attitude of terror toward this diabolical power.

Every strange footprint which the Indians saw they put down to the Guallichu. When the glaciers halved in the mountains and hung their ice upon the waters of the upland lakes the Indians said, "It is the Guallichu who is growing in the mountains."

And so they became a race of devil worshippers. It is probable that most devil worship has had a beginning of this kind. Here we have a people cleanly and kindly, whose imaginations became warped by the contemplation of the spirit of evil.

The savage as a rule is not in any way imaginative—he needs something from the outside to make him so—the darkness, great storms, the black forest clinging upon the mountains—these things excite in him unusual thoughts, and as sure as they do that so surely does devil worship begin to creep in.

Generally when devil worship begins, there are to be found individuals who claim the priesthood of the devil. Curiously enough, this has never been the case among the Tehuelches—their attitude toward the Guallichu is perfectly sound. They drive him away, if they can, and they propitiate him if they can, but in neither performance do they call in the aid of the witch doctor.

## Large "Freight" Airplane.

A freight airplane whose "hold" is large enough for freight-trucks to be wheeled about inside for loading and unloading has been designed for use on the London-Continental airways. This airplane has many unique features. The body of the machine actually breaks in two when loading, the rear half with the rudder and tail plane folding back at right angles to the "hold," thus providing a door the full size of the machine. The back of the "hold" is hinged and lets down, forming a gangway up which laden goods trolleys can be wheeled right into the airplane. It has been designed by Mr. Folland, of the Gloucestershire Aviation company, designer of the machine which won last year's Aerial Derby, and recently flew at a speed of 212 miles an hour. The top wing is so thick that sufficient petrol and oil to supply the airplane's 300-horsepower engine for a 600-mile flight can be stored in tanks inside the wing. When loaded the freight airplane will weigh two and a half tons and will be capable of flying at 104 miles an hour.

## Golf Ball Insurance.

The beginner at golf, although he may not be able to drive his ball very far, generally gets it into the rough sooner or later and manages to lose a good many of the expensive little spheres.

At one of the country clubs near New York the caddy master is doing a nice little business insuring balls. For 50 cents he agrees to replace with balls in good condition any that are lost. His caddies are well trained, and in most cases he comes out ahead, for he gives his patrons second-hand balls which have been found on the links and repainted. Their cost, to him is practically nothing.—New York Sun.

## Flighty, What.

Galey—What's that frock made of, Ida?

Mrs. Galey—Airplane silk, old dear. Don't you think it enhances my loveliness?

"Assuredly. To say nothing of its harmonizing with your disposition."—Judge.

## Sometimes.

Many a woman is less concerned with the outcome of her marriage than with the income of it.

## Literally or Figuratively.

You can't stand well with other people by treading on their toes.—Boston Transcript.

# OLD-TIME MONARCHS 'PIKERS'

Ordinary Man Today Lives in Luxury of Which They Could Have No Conception.

Take away all our machinery and steam and electrical power, and it would require 8,000,000,000 hard-working slaves to duplicate the work done by Americans.

The use of power and machinery gives to every man, woman and child in our country the equivalent of 80 slaves.

This is figured out in the latest bulletin of the Smithsonian Institution, observes the Haverhill Gazette.

Why envy the noblemen, back in ancient Egypt or Bagdad, with 80 slaves toiling for him?

He had swift-running slaves bring him fish from the ocean and birds' tongues from the mountains.

Today, with a few dimes, you can get a tin can of shrimp brought from Japan, a package of dates from Syria, a bag of nuts from Brazil, sardines from Norway.

Your slaves—machinery and power—bring them.

For a few cents you can buy enough matches to start 1,000 fires. When the ancient nobleman's fire was doised by the rain, he shivered in the cold until slaves made a blaze by friction or brought firebrands from afar.

Plenty of old settlers, now living, can recall the days before matches, when they ran a mile from the nearest neighbor's with a shovelful of blazing coals.

Your real wealth is measured not in money but in a number of things you obtain to eat and wear, the ease with which you get them, the comforts and conveniences of your home, methods of transportation and amusement.

It is only a few centuries since even the richest kings had no sewers, running water, rapid transportation or any of the commonplace things that brighten the lives of all today.

Each year adds to our comforts and conveniences.

A few years ago only the richest men in town had autos. Now there's an auto for every 12 Americans.

Henry Ford is experimenting with a mixture of glue, cotton and formaldehyde. He expects to make a powerful building material out of these. If he succeeds, he'll stamp slivers out like doughnuts.

That seems like a dream. But it is merely typical of the processes of mass production that have given the average person luxuries that were denied the kings of antiquity.

Measured in ancient standards, we are all kings today, with the slaves of electricity, steam and machinery toiling constantly for us.

## Ants Divided Into Castes.

Every colony of ants is divided into sharply defined "castes." The largest, as a rule, are the workers, which are nearly the size of the queen ant, but which lack the wings. The largest ants commonly act as policemen or defenders of the colony, and in some species their jaws are sufficiently powerful to crush seeds and the hard parts of insects. In some colonies where the workers are not needed, or are found to be too expensive to rear and maintain on account of their size and appetites, they have been eliminated, and the worker caste is represented by the tiniest of the colony.

The queen ant may live from 12 to 17 years, and may produce offspring up to the time of her death. Unlike the queen bee, she is not hostile to her offspring, and in some species the queen-daughters return to the maternal colony after their marriage flight and take an active part in increasing its population. When a colony grows too large it may separate into several, the queens emigrating singly and taking with them a small company of workers who form the nucleus of the new nest.

## Champions the Homely Man.

Do homely men make best husbands?

The merits of the homely husband were upheld by Judge Theodore J. Richter, who has tied and untied hundreds of matrimonial knots.

The handsome man is more likely to become a litigant in divorce proceedings, not because his good looks make him worse, but because they are likely to make his wife jealous, he said. Her jealous leads to mistrust.

"The handsome man who is constantly nagged by a jealous wife finally gets tired of protesting his innocence. He may think that as long as his fidelity is questioned he might as well go astray."

Judge Richter said that handsomeness in a man is often a handicap. Good looks make him conceited and cause him to attach too much importance to the incidents of his personality rather than upon actual accomplishment.—Detroit News.

## Expanded Rubber for Insulation.

A new use for rubber has been discovered in a non-conductor of heat for cold storage pipes and chambers. The work of experimenting with all possible materials suggested for the purpose has been conducted by the national physical laboratory of London and the best results obtained were with rubber expanded by gas with a highly cellular form. It has also the advantage of being light.

## Nonobservant Traveler.

"I'd like to meet your friend. He must be an interesting person."

"Why so?"

"I understand he's been to Europe a dozen times or more."

"He doesn't know anything about Europe except taxi fares and hotel charges. You can get all that kind of information you need out of a tourist's guide."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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## SOME HABITS OF BARBERRY SHRUB

Bureau of Plant Industry Making  
Study of Plant for Purpose  
of Eradicating It.

### SCATTERS BLACK STEM RUST

Plant Is Most Persistent and to Make  
Destruction Complete Digging  
Must Be Thorough—Root  
System Extensive.

(Prepared by the United States Department  
of Agriculture.)

The office of cereal investigations of bureau of plant industry of the United States Department of Agriculture, is making a study of the habits of the common barberry with a view of improving the methods of eradicating the shrub. As is well known, the common barberry spreads black stem rust of wheat, oats, barley and rye. In the past four years, during which a systematic program of eradicating the common barberry has been in progress in the 13 North-Central states, digging has been practically the only method employed. The experience of these years has shown that the shrub is a most persistent plant, and that, to be effective, digging must be most thorough.

**Extensive Root System.**  
The root system of the common barberry is extensive. The roots of a bush four or five feet tall may penetrate the soil to a depth of three to five feet and spread laterally an equal distance. In larger bushes the root spread is considerably greater. The root system of the plant varies somewhat with the kind of soil. In woodlands where a layer of rich humus soil caps a more compact and less rich stratum of soil, the roots are chiefly confined to the humus layer, but extend laterally considerable distances. On the other hand, in a type of soil which is fairly uniform at its various levels the root system is more deep-rooted, and frequently less extensive in its lateral spread. A rather constant character of the barberry root system, however, is the occurrence of at least a few relatively superficial lateral roots running a few inches beneath the soil surface.

This holds true even in those bushes which have deeply penetrating roots. It is chiefly from such lateral roots that sprouts originate following digging. Hence, precautions need to be taken in digging to follow out along these surface roots and to remove all of them from the soil.

**Reserve Food Material.**  
The roots of the barberry store within them large quantities of reserve food material. This enables them to send up sprouts readily when the tops are cut at the ground line. Moreover, a portion of a root left in the ground may have sufficient re-



Barberry Tree Just Pulled From Ground.

serve strength to give rise to one or more leafy shoots. Those who have dug barberries realize that in the case of a large bush it is extremely difficult to find and remove all roots capable of sending forth sprouts. This means of course that a close watch must be kept for the appearance of sprouts and their removal effected. In the eradication of the barberry it is necessary to make, later, one or more inspections of the place where a bush was dug to locate and destroy sprouts if they appear.

### SUDAN GRASS IN DRY AREAS

Crop Requires Hot Weather for Best  
Results—Makes Hay Which Is  
Low in Protein.

Sudan grass is one of the nonsaccharine sorghums and resembles others in many ways. It makes a hay which is low in protein and hence is not a very good hay for milk cows or growing animals, though it is a good hay for idle horses. It requires hot and dry weather conditions for best results and hence does well in the dry and hot areas.

### PALATABLE FEED FOR STOCK

Peanut Hay Is Particularly Suitable  
for Dairy Cows and Other  
Kinds of Animals.

Peanut hay is palatable for all kinds of farm stock, particularly dairy cows and young animals, but it should be fed to hard-worked animals with caution. It is highly recommended as a substitute for alfalfa meal in poultry rations. Its use will reduce the feed bill, particularly when the poultry is confined.

**Prayer Book Once "King's Primer."**  
The English "Book of Common Prayer" was originally called the "King's Primer." It was published in 1546 by command of Henry VIII. Twice revised in the reign of Edward VI, and again in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, it was ultimately brought to its present form.

## BEET IS CONSIDERED OBLIGING VEGETABLE

Does Not Require as Rich Soil as  
Some Others.

It Will Also Flourish in Light and  
Sandy Soils—To Do Its Best  
Crop Should Not Have Any  
Fresh Manure Applied.

The beet is a most obliging vegetable in that it does not require as rich soil to yield generously as some others. It will also flourish in lighter and sandier soils than some of the root crops. The beet should not have any fresh manure in the soil to do its best but only well-decayed manure or compost.

Early beets are most valued as greens, the roots being more esteemed later in the season or even in the fall and winter. If it is desired to get an early crop of beets for greens they may be started in the house as easily as lettuce, but care must be taken in



Young Beets.

transplanting not to break the tap root if some of them are wanted for the root. Breaking the tap root in transplanting leads to branching or knobby roots when they mature.

Each beet "seed" is really a fruit containing several seeds, which is the reason why beets, no matter how thinly the seed seems to be sown, come up thickly. The beet crop sometimes does not flourish as it should to produce a luxuriant crop of greens. Shallow planting usually is the main trouble. They should be planted an inch deep and even an inch and a half if the soil is very light and sandy.

Beets may be planted between rows of corn and yield successfully as they will do better for the shade in mid-summer and do not take enough food from the soil to interfere with the corn.

The combination of a slow-growing and a fast-growing crop in the garden is a good one to keep in mind, because they can usually be companion crops without harm to either, the slow growers taking the nourishment from the soil slowly and in such small quantity the fast growers are not injured.

### DRAIN MUCK AND PEAT LAND

Area Should First Be Drained by  
System of Open Ditches to Per-  
mit Land to Settle.

When muck and peat land is to be drained by tile the area should first be drained by a system of open ditches, according to the bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture. Such soils settle or subside considerably after drainage and tend to disturb the grade or slope of the tile line. After such soils have been drained for a year or so they become compact enough to permit the installation of tile drains. Usually the best method, says the bureau, is to dig the ditches where the tile is to be laid later, and after the tile is laid and the ditch back-filled there will be nothing to interfere with cultivation.

### NUMBER OF CATTLE TESTED

More Than 2,000,000 Animals Now  
Under Supervision in Tuberculosis  
Eradication Work.

The total number of cattle now under supervision in the tuberculosis eradication work being carried on by the United States Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the states has passed the 2,000,000 mark, the total for February being 2,027,000. During that month 200,334 cattle were tested, bringing the total of cattle once tested up to 1,815,518, and the total of those in fully accredited herds to 222,718. There are now 381,820 cattle on the waiting list. On March 1, more than 12,000 farmers and breeders had accredited herds.

### BED OF MUSHROOMS WILL PAY

Necessary That Precautions Be Taken  
in Planting Spawn Bricks in  
Proper Manner.

Mushroom growing will pay anyone who takes the necessary precautions in planting the spawn bricks in the proper manner, say the vegetable crop experts at Iowa State college. In order to do the best the bricks should be planted in a cave or cellar where a temperature of 50 degrees F. can be maintained. Make a bed of fermented horse manure and plant the bricks containing the spawn about a foot apart. Be sure that the spawn bricks were obtained from a reputable source and are trouble-free result.

**Keep Out Heat as Well as Cold.**  
The Turkish peasants in Asia Minor believe in keeping out the heat as well as the cold, and it is not uncommon to see in many parts of the country people wearing huge coats in the midst of summer, with the thermometer standing at 100 degrees.

## FRENCH NOTE IN SPRING CLOTHES

Paris Dressmakers Are Not  
Clinging to Any Particular  
Mode for the Season.

### TESTED STYLES HOLD FAVOR

Models Include Excellencies of Proved  
Fashions—Both Short and Long  
Skirts Are Shown—Sleeves  
of All Types.

No rigid rules govern the spring fashions. Elasticity is the predominating idea, declares a Paris fashion writer in the New York Tribune. "Pay your money and take your choice," tersely summarizes the Paris dressmaker's attitude toward this spring's fashions. Everybody seems to be, as it were, practicing an electric method or system, choosing whatever seems best in present and past dresses with a view to presenting models that include the excellencies of all previously tested



Street Dress Showing the Russian Influence in Sleeves—Blue Serge and Black Satin.

styles and the deficiencies and failures of none. Thus the dressmakers are showing both the short and the long skirt, with all varying degrees of length between the two extremes of high-shoe-top and floor-touching length.

Likewise, the full gamut in sleeve variations is sounded. There are dresses entirely sleeveless and those with sleeves so long that they form twin trains. There is an indication that the wide sleeve is on the wane. The long, fitted sleeve is offered in its place, but that it will usurp the place of its predecessor is only a prediction. It remains for women to indicate which they prefer.

Worth makes a feature of fancy sleeves, some of which are very long—that is, much longer than the arm. One can scarcely imagine a lady doing in a dress of this sort with any degree of comfort, as the sleeves are usually gathered in the hand or held as a shawl or mantle. Worth is in exception in showing this type of exaggerated sleeve.

Renee gives to some of her models a distinct note of the Italian renaissance through sleeves which trail on the floor in the form of twin trains. One very striking model of this character in red satin shows sleeves solidly embroidered in white crystal beads, this embroidery weighing them so that they trail in majestic fashion on either side of the wearer. The dress has no embroidery other than that on the sleeves. In spite of these long sleeves the arms are practically bare, as the sleeves are open from the shoulders.

**Russian Note Prevails in Dress.**  
The Russian influence is seen everywhere. There are dresses and suits of pure Russian style, many of them bearing significantly Russian names. Russian embroideries and Russian designs prevail more than any other kind of ornamentation. The color combinations found in trimmings and their mode of application in the form of broad grades and the big plaque-like ornamentations all show Russian artistry as the source of their inspiration.

In the use of materials there is the same variation in quantity or yardage employed. Some of the new dresses can still be cut from three and one-half meters, while in other models from five to six meters of two-yard-wide goods will be required.

In point of decoration there is the same wide range of choice. There are dresses entirely devoid of trimmings and others so lavishly embellished that it is almost impossible to determine the nature of the original fabric or foundation which holds the garniture. In these various processes of elaboration the manufacturer of fabrics has taken no small part. Many of the new materials come from the looms beaded, embroidered with drawn threads, painted, corded, tufted, quilted, lilted, hammered, creped and crinkled until one wonders what they might have been in their pristine state.

No arbitrary decisions are made regarding color. All primaries are

represented, together with a multitude of variations in art tones. Thus, there is the brilliant red of the spectrum, the natural, vital flame color and in its train numerous other reds having an admixture of yellow or of blue or of brown, thereby establishing several distinct red series of multiple tones. In rose shades there are, geranium, coral and copper, each one in all possible diversity.

**Navy Blue Again in Limelight.**  
Deep royal blue is another favorite, especially in combination. As for beige and ecru, these tones are as the sands of the sea. There is not one that does not seem to have representation. Navy blue is coming back into its own, notably navy blue serge combined with red; also blue crepe, microcin and crepe de chine three-piece suits. Black has its advocates. Gold and silver in both the bright and softened or vieille tones, together with steel, copper, bronze and gun metal, are very important.

A very large proportion of the new blouses, whether they are separate or designed for a special suit or are a part of a three-piece costume, are Russian. From a fashion standpoint there is an interesting trend toward the use of the blouse. This has been brought about by the fact that all of the great French dressmakers in their recent openings stressed the tailored suit and also because of the real Russian blouses, which became the rage through being sponsored by the best-dressed women in Paris.

Distinctly new in both cotton and silk blouses for spring are the Russian models embroidered in designs taken from Russian documents. Many of the new models are made of cotton crepe, which makes them more than ever resemble the Russian peasant garments, despite their Paris origin. Any number of these are being brought out by French manufacturers and selling in quantities for distribution in large American stores. They are worn with white serge as well as with white cotton skirts for sport wear.

Among the materials used in blouses are white organdie embroidered in deep yellow, yellow tussah embroidered in white and yellow linen. There are the pure white crepe de chine and crepe georgette blouses. One interesting tailored model is of fine white linen stitched in lines imitating Scotch plaid. There are blouses made of printed mousseline and then there are the pure white, exquisitely made, linen blouses of the type known as chemises; that is to say, shirtwaists.

**Blue Enamel Trims Black Blippers.**  
A Paris shoemaker is featuring slippers of patent leather with designs in colored enamel. Small wreaths of flowers form buckles at the front and straps at the sides. Other models show straps which cross and button high on the sides. These are made of the enameled leather, the designs being in conventional flowers. The but-



Cape Coat in a Cinder Gray Tone Collared With Natural Caracul. Belt Is of Metal.

tons are in the predominant color of the decoration, usually red or blue. Bright blue decorations are the smartest and most popular on black shoes. One sees wonderful white shoes with blue forget-me-nots forming the decoration for straps and buckles. Red shoes are also well liked, as well as black shoes stitched with red and green.

Shoemakers are among the most versatile people in the world. Why, when they have shown themselves able to create so many astonishing things in the way of footwear, they should for so long have held to conservative shoes and slippers is a mystery. From the dressmaker of today is scarcely able to keep pace with the clever modern shoemaker.

**How to Solder Aluminum.**  
To solder aluminum, first make a soldering bit from a piece of 1/4 or 3/8 inch round or square aluminum. Next, fit the parts to be soldered with a composition of 81 per cent tin, 10 per cent aluminum, and 3 per cent copper.

After the copper has fused, the aluminum should be added little by little, stirring the mixture thoroughly all the time. The tin and a small portion of alloy should be added. Do not overheat the composition. Popular Science Monthly.

**Children Ory  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

## WHY Minutes and Hours Came to Be Computed at Sixty

"Sixty seconds make a minute, 60 minutes make an hour." You used to say that as often as you did "10 mills make a cent, 10 cents make a dime and 10 dimes make a dollar."

It is believed, in fact, certain learned men have said it has been proved that the scheme of dividing the hour into 60 parts and the minute into 60 parts was invented or devised by the ancient Babylonians long centuries before the Christian era. It is one of the ways of counting time which has gone unchanged during the past 5,000 or 10,000 years.

Along with the decimal system in ancient Babylon there was the sexagesimal system based upon the count by sixties and originating in the discovery that there is no number which has so many divisions as 60, for it can be divided without a remainder by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20 and 30.

Babylonians divided the sun's path into 24 parasangs, a parasang being about four and a half miles. The astronomers of that time in Babylon compared the progress of the sun during one hour to the progress that would be made by a good walker in the same length of time, each going about one parasang, or four and one-half miles. Thus the whole course of the sun, so the wise astronomers of Babylon thought, was 24 parasangs or 360 degrees or 24 hours, and each parasang or hour was divided into 60 parts, which we call minutes.

The story is that Hipparchus, the Greek philosopher, who lived a century and a half before Christ, introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe and we have counted the time of day in seconds, minutes and hours ever since.

### MATTER OF SELF-PROTECTION

Why Signatures in the Form of a  
Round "Robin" Were at One  
Time Advisable.

The most generally accepted belief is that the practice of signing a protest or petition in a circle (now known as a "round robin") originated in France, where, as protests from subordinates were regarded by government officials as little less than mutiny, there was a natural desire to keep the order of signing secret.

The most noted "Round Robin" in the English language is probably one that originated at a dinner in the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Among those attending were Edmund Burke, Edward Gibbon and others famous in the world of letters, all of whom were friends or acquaintances of Oliver Goldsmith.

The epiphany written for the poet by Doctor Johnson became a topic of discussion, and various changes were suggested. These, it was agreed, should be submitted for the doctor's consideration. When the question arose as to who should propose them to him it was suggested that a "round robin" was the best means of solving the difficulty. Despite his fiery disposition, Doctor Johnson, it is said, accepted the "robin" in the spirit in which it was intended.

### Why Gloves Were Important

In 1093, when the earl of Shrewsbury promised to build an abbey at Shrewsbury, he publicly laid his glove upon the altar of the monastery church in token of his sincerity. In 1574 the queen of Navarre hesitated about going on a visit to Paris, but decided to go when the king of France sent her a pair of gloves. When she was swept away by the events leading up to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, it was considered an act of the blackest treachery, as gloves had been sent to reassure her. As men became more enlightened and learned to read and write, signing one's name to a promise took the place of all this sort of thing. But there is one curious survival even now. Not many annual fairs are held nowadays, but when they are, it is no unusual thing to see a great glove publicly exhibited. This is a token that the king has granted a license for the fair to be held and so long as it lasts the glove remains where everybody can see it—Christian Science Monitor.

### Why Dough Is Kneaded

If bread should be baked out of un-kneaded dough, or without yeast or baking-powder, it would turn into a hard, indigestible mass. Kneading makes bread or cake spongy in structure—that is, full of holes; for the process entraps particles of air, which expand during baking and puff up the dough. In the case of baking-powder, the addition of water causes the tartaric acid in the powder to act on the baking soda (sodium acid carbonate) to generate bubbles of carbon dioxide inside the dough. These, too, expand upon baking, filling the cake with numerous holes. The yeast, as it lives and grows in the dough, gives off carbon dioxide. The result on the dough is the same as before.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Why One Should Read Lamb

So you ask me again why you should read Lamb, and I answer: first, because he has always something to say and conveys his thought "without smothering it in blankets"; second, because in antique fancy, quip, oddity, whimsical jest, humor, wit and irony, rare gifts all, he is a supreme master; third, because his limitations and tragedies were, like ours, many, but his courage in facing them, unlike ours, was cheerful and invincible; and, fourth, because he has taken the lonely and familiar for his subjects and sheds fresh and beautiful light upon them.—S. F. B. Malt.

### Rather Striking

"But, Bertha, how did you make the acquaintance of your second husband?" "It was quite romantic. I was out walking with my first, when my second came along in an automobile and ran him down. That was the beginning of our friendship."—Bartlesville (Okla.) Enterprise.

